

Maclean's

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75¢

THE CULT OF HORROR



Splendor in the parks



A place to rest

By Thomas Hopkins

"What is a park?" asked a puzzled forest elder of an eager civil servant during recent hearings into five proposed northern parks. Scrambling his head, the civil servant could only come up with an approximation, the forestral word *inangamasiyik*, but it pleased the elder. The word translates as "a resting place."

It was Don and Judy Blaisutti's first trip to the mountain parks and the Torontonians wanted a memento of the quiet they had discovered, the good fishing and the scenery. Don knew he had found it when his eyes fell on a magnificent sea-gull's nest in the village of Banff in Alberta's Banff National Park. Tugging it low over one eye, he asked two veteran Banffites what they thought. The response was a study in its sensitivity. Rolling their eyes to the heavens, they turned their heads and grumbled that they could hardly wait until the tourists left. It was a response that would draw armies in hundreds of resort towns across the country as the crash of summer visitors and traffic demands on them. But the



Camper Montreux and family enjoying Yoho Park, Alberta's Jasper National Park, preserving this sense of wilderness.

difference in this case is a crucial one. The town is in the middle of a national park and, according to many environmentalists, when the tourists leave Banff no one should be there, except the moose, leaving Banff and the Rocky Mountain parks to the soaring, snow-dusted wilderness that drew the Blaisuttis there in the first place.

In a small way, the incident illustrates the central problem of the vast Canadian park system: the pressure of people versus wilderness. It's growing so much that some people who care about parks are describing them in several areas as being under siege.

Parks have become victims of their own success.

• Point Pelee National Park in southern Ontario has been forced to ban cars from most of its acreage for fear the park's fragile ecology will be damaged by exhaust.

• Last Victoria Day weekend, with many Rocky Mountain campgrounds still buried in snow, the Trans-Canada Highway was locked in a traffic jam that caused hiking park visitors to encounter what one called "the biggest lineup I've ever seen." Traffic took 22 minutes to travel five miles on 86,000

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people (up 4,000 from last year) poured through the Banff park gates. Park officials predict three-hour backups this year.

• **Vandalism** cost the New Brunswick provincial parks system \$180,000 last year. Authorities fear much of it is alcohol-related and point to the June au-

ture of 13 bottles of beer, 46 cans of beer, a 46-ounce bottle of whiskey and another of rum from one car in Mackinac Provincial Park near Pictured Rocks. Negotiations for the creation of five

northern wilderness parks are being stalled by opposition from the Northwest Territories Territorial Council which refuses to support primitive parks "based on the policy that puts preservation first and the use and enjoyment of people second."

The problem may seem abstract in light of hefty statistics such as the 50,000 square miles of national parks (or total area, as big as England) and 48,000 square miles of provincial parks. But it becomes more dramatic when it is demonstrated that fully 70 per cent of national parks acreage taken in the tundra and wild rivers north of 50 degrees, where a 50-day Spartan hunt can cost more than \$2,000. With five more northern parks being planned, that percentage will increase. In a similar and controversial move, U.S. President Jimmy Carter set aside 56 million acres of Alaska wilderness last December, effectively doubling the American national park system.

Although the vast majority of users find what they're looking for in parks, nonetheless, inexperience, fear and lack of communication have crowded in on park users, especially in southern provincial parks. Generally they're closer to urban centres and frequented by

'Moments of awe and respect'

When Canada's new parks minister, Peter Fraser, finished his eighth of 20 years ago he had decided he wanted to clear up his life. So he says "I stepped out for the Yukon and risk a diving at gascones for the next six months with the Canadian Geographic Survey Team and I paid up. After that, he looked for the minute of his youth in the Yukon. It was a place that seemed heavily on environmental issues. He closed it down in 1973, a year after he was elected as for Vancouver South and became Canadian environmental chief. Now that Peter Fraser, Joe Clark has made Fraser minister of environment and natural parks he is a statistic. My instructions from the prime minister say very clear—use the profile of environment and parks. He says:

Sitting on the back porch at his Vancouver constituency office after his report card in the cabinet, Fraser recalled the good old days "for national parks 10 years ago. The public was really into wilderness then about conservation. The fight to preserve parkland and establish a truly great parks system was at its height. Asked about public pressures on the parks, Fraser admits the pace of the program



Fraser, wife Cole, daughters left to right: Anna, Sheila, Mary raise the profile of the environment and parks.

public wilderness must be supported by the conservation groups but says there's no way trying to pretend that some conservation doesn't already exist.

One system is based on membership large sections of the country as national parks as possible. You can say that everyone has a democratic right to see every hidden valley every mountain peak every forest stream. That's true, but that doesn't make people have the right to

swampy wilderness to get there. If you come in to it, I don't want the same experience. If you're going to have that, we must have, we must have, and respect for nature, and our government that. The wilderness products, the sense of wilderness that is so much a part of national parks.

On Fraser's mind to sit on top of the highways is our national parks. "I don't continue to pretend the town of Fraser doesn't exist. The problems there are serious and complex. I can't say how what the solution is, I won't be coming the public mind by showing them the light. But even if he can come up with some promising strategies, he still has to tell his ideas to the federal cabinet, not to mention a ministerial committee. Fraser has already received some help from the parks minister. When Clark named Fraser, he also named the environment portfolio to the status of a full department and moved Parks Canada out of Indian and Northern Affairs and into Environment.

Clark, however, also made him the post minister-general responsible for the status post office. Besides that, Fraser is a member of the new cabinet, but he's not and we're related committees. Nevertheless, he promises that environment and parks will get 50 per cent of cabinet and that's a lot of time. The senior posting gives him more clout than previous ministers had. He will be needed.

Norrie McGowry

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young locals rather than tourists. Increasingly, they're victims of park-gate traffic jams, ready-made trail vandalism. In 1960 there were 4.5 million visitors to our national parks. In 1979 there were 19.3 million. The rugged valleys of Gros Morne National Park in Newfoundland had a 75-per-cent increase in visitors last year alone and the number of visitors to Pacific Rim or the wild western beaches of Vancouver Island is up to 600,000 from 80,000 in 1972. At Banff hotels, it's walk-to-wall "no vacancy" signs twinkling by noon. National park attendance is increasing by about one million a year and it's a situation that

events determined to sell out parks to the gun lobby, the profit motive and park developers. The park developers are greedy to blue jeans, spring along tame and a familiarity with the rhetoric of environmentalists. They see a demand for more ski lifts, hotels and gift shops from urban Canadian park visitors but say they're frustrated by vainglorious government bureaucrats. The environmentalists, they charge, are elitists who would ignore the middle-aged couple from Bathurst and badly bureaucrats with a blizzard of briefs.

Two men who espouse the right are Dick Pharris of AWA and Rodney Tooshe,

on how many people the mountain parks can handle! Spawning into a bright June sun he says, "The mountain park contains 8,000 square miles, the same as Wales. If it's well done, we can afford the population of Wales."

The thought of three million people revelling the mountain parks is the stuff of nightmares to outspoken Alberta Wilderness Association President Dick Pharris. Pale and balding, puffing about his cluttered University of Alberta office in Nash Puppies, he milks against Banff and the "recreation industry who just want to get rich." The anger is palpable. His solution to Banff is simple and direct: "We should just make it the dullest place in the world." He dismisses Tooshe's plans for Lake Louise as an attempt to expand the town with "the henky-tank crap" of a Vail or Aspen. "Hell, the evening entertainment in a national park should be nature-side talks, not disco." With a deft ability to render the sometimes woolly ideas of dedicated environmental amateurs clearly, he punctuates, "profit has no place in parks."

Winged in the middle of the leafy Straw and Deep in the strained smile and the watery eyes of the park bureaucrat, particularly the Parks Canada bureaucrat. A feisty supporter and partner of park developers between the Second World War and the mid-1960s, Parks Canada put the blinkers on in the late 1960s. Now the laying of a national parks planning policy in late May indicates a solidifying of purpose, and the purpose isn't development. According to Parks Canada spokesman Jim Shattuck, "It's a recommitment of the importance of the conservation role. The theme of heritage preservation and protection now permeates everything we do." It is a policy close to the heart of former Indian and northern affairs minister Hugh Faulkner and it remains to be seen whether it will be implemented by new boy, John Fraser, in a revamped ministry (see box). It is this conflict of masters and priorities that has muddled the intentions of Parks Canada and added the efforts of environmentalists who often subscribe to the theory, if you can't stop it, stall it. "The whole process has become so paralysed that nothing gets done," says parks consultant Jim Thorpe.

The roots of the push-up go back to 1960 when Sir John A. Macdonald announced the first 10-square-mile national park around the hot springs of Banff. The appearance of the internal combustion engine changed the pattern of early parks users, demonstrated the system and at considered the status of nature in today's people pressures



pleases to one, neither would be park developers, who see a demand for more facilities but have been blocked by national park services, nor park users nor environmentalists.

The environmentalists are the wilderness politicians. Articulate, passionate and often virulent, they were spawned in the late 1960s in response to specific park development proposals (that would have diminished the wilderness potential). Nurture in groups such as the Sierra Club, the Alberta Wilderness Association (AWA), Mountain's Coalition for Leisure, the Environment and Resources Inc. (ESRI) and the National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada, they were and were with the headlines. Annoyed by some of being too militant and loud, they counter with militant spokesmen such as Dick Pharris of the energetic AWA who says, "They'll say we weren't loud enough when the wilderness is all gone."

Ranged against them are what the environmentalists see as pitiful-bourgeois, conservative provincial govern-

Camping in Gros Morne National Park, Newfoundland: people versus the wilderness.

high-profile gladiators in the world of park politics.

Tooshe, 54, is an urban Englishman with flaming blonde hair and sharp features, a former journalist and incisive analyst. He gave that up to go to Lake Louise in 1972. He came to manage the village's ski lift and is now president of Village Lake Louise Ltd. It is an unusual blend of back-barrier and recreation. He will tell for perhaps the 1,000th time the harrowing story of his attempt to expand Lake Louise in the looming shadow of Mount Temple's north face with a "village" of condominiums and new ski lifts. Housing around the road and blasted trees of a ski lift in summer, marketing a sparkling landowner, he shouts that there is a lot of land to go around, with or without a Lake Louise development. "Besides, it's the government who are the promoters. I don't blame myself for creating people pressures." Is there an upper limit to,



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The problem, as ever, is most dramatically seen on Banff Avenue, where a tanned young man was observed recently in a T-shirt which sported a scene of a backpacker happily firing a backhoe at a lumbering moose trailer.

Chief Wlase, veteran of years of park wars and owner of the Sunshine Village 881 Resort in Banff National Park, dismisses this sort of attitude. "If you took all the people out of the Wapiti region and made them walk the trails, the system would still be overloaded. The problem is people." Along with several others, however, he believes that a looming gasoline shortage may fundamentally alter the pattern of park use in the coming years. Karen Johnson, chairman of the Manitoba environmentalists' coalition, CMAA, agrees. "The gas crunch is the best hope environmentalists have right now." This is borne out by a brutal plummeting in sales of recreational vehicles in the U.S. and steady-to-slightly-down purchases in Canada. Other recommendations from a medicine chest full of prescriptions include advice to hike, spend an evening and the development of more purely recreational parks (such as Alberta's \$40-million Kamouristuk) that are close to urban centers to take the pressure off wilderness parks. Diversification of service facilities into smaller, environmentally compatible depots is seen as an alternative to more Banff. "What's wrong with the old log cabins?" asks one conservationist. More drastic suggestions call for variations of the Yosemite, California, formula. Like many of the 29 U.S. national parks, Yosemite was suffering from overpopularity. In a series

Pukaskas National Park, Ontario, most agree that what they're looking for

of recent moves, the U.S. Park Service has banned cars from heavily used areas and substituted buses. It is also in the process of dismantling most swimming pools, tennis courts, gift shops and other retail outlets. Unfortunately the proposed creation of vast northern parks will do little to ease the pressure in Canada since they will be of use only for future generations, and continue to be the preserve of privileged southerners. "Why not a Banff Springs hotel in Shikaruk?" asks frustrated western Arctic Mr. Dave McKenna. (The sprawling Nahanni park received a total of 290 visitors in 1978. Anyaruk Park on Ball's Island received half.)

"We're just problems," ruminates the gas jockey at Vermilion Crossing in Kootenay National Park, southwest of Banff, "but don't forget the good things." The good things had not escaped John Murray, an Edmonton doctor in a campground, below Kicking Horse Pass in British Columbia's Yoho National Park. As his children, Brian, 4, and Colleen, 2, emerged blinking from their mini-motor home, the early morning light shined the top of Mount Stophes above them. Aprons and small towels hung from the lines around the trailer. "Without them," he gestured toward the motor home, "we wouldn't be here. Small children are so good in a motel and you can't backpack 16 teen bampers." As for Glen and Marilyn Sease, framed in the spray of nighty 1,200-foot Tahitiakaw Falls in Yoho Park, they had come from Windsor, On-

tario, for the mountains and to see Canada first. "There seems to be lots of moose for everybody."

NPAC spokesman George Hunter calls that just "enrich thinking." With park visitors increasing five to six per cent annually, the centres of conservation are imperative to relax visitors would be a disaster.

But, in the meantime, Canada's parks are there for every Canadian who chooses to use them. For most they are the sole connection to the outdoors, the bank, the land, the engine that drives the Canadian imagination. Their variety is kaleidoscopic and profound. Just ask the mildly apophorophobic survivors of the Tokyo rush hour who drag Banff Avenue. Even in high season, the backcountry remains largely untrampled and it is possible to walk or canoe for days, accepting the small gifts of fresh fish during of stave on a high alpine meadow or the wonderful luxury of a cut trail through a pine stand of spruce. For families with children, the parks become a controlled fairy playground with hot showers to wash away the drooped ice cream. For others it's a game of volleyball over a late-model Chevy or four generations of a Mennonite family who have moved their dining room to a Toronto Island hilltop. Even the low hours of trailers, played on hillside into water and electricity, can be nothing under the other wash of a full moon. Canadian parks are special places, and despite elbow-deep neighbors on increasingly frequent occasions, they can supply what things for most people. Quiet on the eyes, soft on the ears. A place to rest. ☐



Make It A Carlsberg.

Gather ye spaceships where ye may...

Douglas Curran will tell you that he has not the slightest interest in outer space or unidentified flying objects (UFOs). Yet this 25-year-old photographer not only spends his days driving around North America in search of flying saucers and rockets to photograph, but he finds them as well. He the 18-foot rocket built by a farmer in 1964, out of sheet aluminum and steel star signs. It dangles from a pole in the farmer's yard in Berkeley, Alberta. Curran is seeking out his spaceage—ad man-made—in a project he calls "In Advance of the Landing—Folk Concepts of Outer Space." His quest, which has so far uncovered a modest 80 spaceships, has taken him 80,000 miles through Western Canada and the northwestern and gulf states. "The project is for me, almost like a pilgrimage," Curran says. "When I begin, nobody believed these things existed."

The search started as an independent study when Curran was a photo-arts student at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto. His heart motive, he says, is a photographer's desire to record the ways and structures of his society, and he has been helped on his way by a Canada Council grant of \$11,400. But that does not make the job easy. Curran says he must live more than \$100 a week just to keep going and, furthermore, "It's exhausting, driving continuously, trying to peek into every backyard, sleeping and waking up in the car, and never having anywhere to go at night."

His investigative technique is simply to ask waitresses, gas-station attendants, policemen and pedestrians if they know of any earthbound spaceships. Chances and luck play their part, as when Curran happened on a man in California's San Bernardino hills, pointing an old red-tipped rifle between a guest UFO and a commercial airliner.

Spaceships are often set up as public spectacles, like the 60-foot-diameter saucer that now sits quietly in front of a



Backyard spaceships in California (top) and Ontario and Curran one group placed to fly its spaceship all the way to Tucson.



highway antique store near Wabesa, Florida. Its owner, who fashioned it in 1967 out of sheet steel, aluminum rods and flashing lights, used to drive around with it mounted on the roof of his car—a practice which resulted in a number of police alerts. Then there's the backyard display of outer space paraphernalia kept by a man in Port Costa, California, which includes a two-foot-high "alien rocket," an oblong-saucer-like design and complete with an "alien"—a supply of miniature of the rocket.

Curran has observed that the building of spacecraft sometimes has religious connotations, an outstanding case being the assembly of a rocket by a religious group in Michigan, which planned to fly its vehicle to heaven. The rocket was built on plans said to be communicated telepathically to one group member by an extraterrestrial being. The project became defunct when an eight-inch, gold-spaghetti foot rod couldn't be found. A more down-to-earth kind of religious intent is evident in a flying saucer in downtown Oakland, California. Built in 1975 by the Junior Chamber of Commerce as a playground object, the saucer is set on a circular platform surrounded by a ring of rough stones and with ascending steps that force a clockwise approach. Curran views the design as being distinctly like an altar.

Curran is now heading toward Eastern Canada where he already knows of "a few flying saucers and a rocket." Although he hasn't yet noticed an exceptional yield in any particular area, he has special hopes for Quebec and also for the U.S. Bible Belt, which he plans to reach in October. To aid in his search he has enlisted readers of the *National Enquirer's* classifieds, offering cash rewards in return for appropriate photos and information sent to his post office box in North Battleford, Saskatchewan, where he works as a newspaper when not otherwise occupied. **A.S.A. Harrison**

The Alternative.

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Oscar's 88

A great article on *The Piano Man* (June 4) Oscar Peterson. It is a rare treat to see anything on jazz and even rarer to see anything on Peterson. As a jazz fan, I no longer feel left out.

PAUL WESLEY TORONTO

Three Big Maes

Your article *A World College Where Borders Are Disputed* (June 26) on Pearson College was great. But one thing—you refer to "such well-connected former civil servants and politicians as Donald MacDonald." Our valued trustee is Donald MacDonald, president emeritus of the Canadian Labour Congress and of the International Federation of Free Trade Unions. He is not Donald J. MacDonald, the longtime Liberal cabinet minister. Nor, for that matter, is he Ronald MacDonald, former dean of law at Dalhousie University, who is also a trustee of Pearson College but not mentioned in the article. Confused? Sometimes we are too. None of them has anything to do with hamburgers, although McDonald's Restaurants of Canada have been very helpful to us in our drive for funds.

JUDITH S. NICHOL, CHAIRMAN,
LUTHER & PRAGUE COLLEGE
OF THE PACIFIC
VANCOUVER

The power of repress

I find it ironic that the article *What Johnny Can't Read* (June 11), which denies the existence of the "blue-pencil brigade" with respect to what young students should be allowed to read, should appear in the same issue as *Johnny's Advice*—in which Lawrence O'Toole engages in some oral verbal

PATRICK MURPHY, CALGARY

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Peterson's 'no need to see anything'

Penalized medicine

I enjoyed the article *Open Your Hood and Say 'Ah'* (June 4) on the house-calling car medians from Winnipeg. Home checkups for cars are a great idea that deserves a good profit for the entrepreneurs involved. As a family physician on the other side of your comparison, I wondered how the \$30-a-call car doctors would react to a prenominal business plan for their fee to \$14.05 (under the Ontario Hospital Insurance Plan) and permitting only one well-car check per year. The comment about the "best medical professionals" being unavailable on weekends confirms me, having just spent a long weekend seeing many sick people and answering unreasonable phone calls. I enjoy my work and I think my pay is adequate, but then again, my colleagues may think I'm a little naive in my first year of practice after 16 years of formal university training.

DAVE WALTERS
KINGSTON, ONT

Earning and learning

It was interesting to read the article *The Class of '79* (June 11) and to note how O'Hara's perception of today's undergraduates as a more pragmatic individual than the student of the '60s. However, I was disappointed that there was no reference to Canada's growing number of part-time university students. These students are usually stu-



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Letters



Good Patrick McQuinn, worth the effort

ture man and women who often have full-time jobs, in or out of their homes, and who make considerable efforts to acquire a degree in a system which was not designed specifically for them. The part-time student frequently considers that desire to make the most of himself or herself with the demands of a job, home and family but would affirm that it was worth the effort. Incidentally, the number of part-time students is growing not only as more mature members of the community attempt to obtain a post-secondary education which was previously unavailable, but also as more and more younger people find the financial burden too great and are not able to combine a full schedule workload with a job to pay for it all.

CAROLINE G. WELSHAW, VICE PRESIDENT,
CANADIAN ORGANIZATION OF PART-TIME
UNIVERSITY STUDENTS,
PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

The unkindest cuts?

While describing an alleged budgetary optimism in H.C. these days, in *The Other Side of the Mountain* (June 150) Mark Budgen says, "It is the only person in H.C. who has cause for pessimism in the newly elected member for Vancouver Centre, Art Phillips." Such a statement would be funny if it did not appear that Madson's actually believed this superficially cute analysis of our troubled province.

DOUG TEOO, VANCOUVER



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AFTER THE SUMMIT

An exclusive interview with Joe Clark

Prime Minister Joe Clark last week began the first of two trips to meet at the government leader's Harrington Lake retreat. At the same time, his friendship reached the end of its first season, with Clark's performance in Tokyo being called a "turning point" by personal staff and detractors alike. The energy minister showed a new Joe Clark, a man who performed with maturity and some poise, and an diplomatic victory stood in sharp contrast to the botched first week of his leadership, writes Clark's confidant and close bookend on his election promise to save the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. By last week Clark was willing to admit that the promise had been all offered, coming even a former member of Pierre Trudeau's staff to conclude that "my prime minister who can admit a mistake isn't all bad." Things were finally going well for Clark, and the chance was dawning to reflect. Appearing relaxed and confident, casually dressed and sipping on his favourite Coke, Clark granted a lengthy interview on the way back from Tokyo to Maclean's Ottawa correspondent Ray MacGregor. What follows are several excerpts from the current thinking of the new prime minister.

On becoming prime minister: All the way through [the election] I thought we were going to win. I was unsure when the Manitoba results came in because I thought there might be an upsurge in the NDP that would be strong in BC, and if the Liberals and I were very close that Mr. Trudeau might try to bring on. That was the one time when I began to wonder if I didn't think he would have said it [hanging on] if he didn't contemplate it.

I've become aware as I take those black belt classes here at night and do two or three hours of reading each night that the workload is very different from the workload of the Opposition. You are more in control of events as prime minister, and that is psychologically less wearing than always having to be ready to respond. It is easier to punch than to outguess. But I enjoy it very much. It's more than being leader of the Opposition—purty it's that you are doing real things.

Joe Clark's image: [The other summit leaders] were bound to be skeptical with the change in government. I wouldn't be

surprised if they read the press and wondered about me. There is no question that Mr. Trudeau was a strong personality. It became clear to me at the summit that whereas the words of the president of France and the words of the president of the United States were weighed and viewed in terms of their source, that I was being judged personally. Pierre Trudeau was being judged personally and I think that there was no question that he had a personal influence. And I think that there is some evidence that I had a personal influence.

It's quite consistent with my view and my style that I will put my international focus on working well within conferences where a prime minister has to be. You know, that's the kind of thing I have spent my life doing. I mean if that is a legitimate public concern about me it's that my experience has been confined to political processes. Well, the work of a conference like the one we've come out of is a political process and that's what my background is. Sure I am Joe Clark of High River, but I was also sitting down with Jimmy Carter of Plains and Helmut Schmidt of wherever and Margaret Thatcher of a suburb of London. Everybody comes from some place. I will confess that was on my mind for about the first five minutes of the breakfast the first morning, but after the first cup of coffee and after the conversation got going I did not feel strange at all.

I'm pretty buoyant about those things [his bad press]. I guess the worst session I had was back in '70, the spring of '71, late spring and early summer. If I was going to get depressed I'd have gotten depressed then. But I didn't. I think we're coming into office at a time when there is unusual skepticism about politicians. I think there is some overreaction on the part of journalists as a sense that politicians are going to lead you astray on everything, so you're skeptical about everything. So long as there were doubts about me, so long as there are doubts about me that are serious, that are fairly basic, people will be tentative. Jerusalem. The toughest problem I've had. The lesson I've learned was one of tone. I think, however, that I may come out of the Shanfield experience with a very real plus. I

Clark with Canadian ambassador Bruce Ratten (right) and Pierre MacDonell. "It is easier to punch than to outguess."

suspect Mr. Shanfield, whatever his reports on Jerusalem, will also have some very useful things to say on other aspects of relations with that region, and I don't think that would have happened without the system. One of the problems we're going to face as a government, which I intend to turn my mind to on the next couple of weeks, is how I can institutionalize some aspects of initiative that is related to, but not confined to, government. Now, I don't want to follow the process we did on the Middle East question two years after, but I would want process.

That clearly was the toughest matter we've faced. It reached the point where I was afraid it was going to make it very difficult for the government to deal with other partners in the community, and to get attention turned to other important questions. It's not the kind of gesture that you can move toward resolution. Everybody is talking about it is very much one where you need some calm. There are different kinds of wars. Jerusalem is one that is best left to quiet diplomacy.

Energy: We've got to establish a public will to do some things. It would have been a little harder, I suppose, if Clark and Trudeau had come late in August—but they didn't. People coming back to the summit rather than going into the summer (would pay more attention). Three events are important.



The two obvious ones are the oil crisis and the Tokyo summit. The one that isn't obvious is the National Energy Board report on diversifying Alberta's production which I issued and I think everybody else has. I think a lot of Canadians have been disbelieving talk about the energy crisis because they assume that there is always some oil well or some oil field in Alberta that would carry us through.

In the final analysis, there are obviously going to be some times when somebody is going to have to make a decision as to the rate of increase of price. That's one I will be wearing a black hat to the degree, and only to the degree, that we have failed to create a consciousness of, first, the importance of conservation and, second, the possibility of moving to other sources.

The Liberals: I think they staged government about two years ago and kept looking around for ways to survive. One issue preoccupied the prime minister and the party and that was the Quebec issue. Such creature energy as they had left they focused there almost exclusively, and other things were pushed to the side. We saw that with the economy until the prime minister felt he had to dramatically take some economic initiatives, we were clearly going to make an error. Governments have to govern. That's what they're there for.

The failure of Conservatives in Quebec: Disappointment, but not frustration, because I think there is a lot of room to move there and I'm relatively pleased at the response in Quebec. There has been no question that the English have won, the French have been beaten. There is a general reorientation, which I believe is true, that the vote for the Liberals, the vote for Mr. Trudeau, was a vote for federalism, that there is no strong feeling against me, that there is a sort of war-and-seer attitude.

Maclean's promise: There are some that are obviously compelling immediately—mortgage deductibility, east clearly of all. There are others that can come in later. There is none, to my knowledge, that is impossible or impossible. We're going through them all now, some of what was said by me or by others authorized on my behalf, some that they'll cut and trying to design some priority to their introduction. [There is] the need for the government to be believed. And the second difficulty of this is that as this goes on that I've got to be seen taking my campaign pledges seriously. And the only way to be seen to be doing that is to do it.

Commonwealth conference: The conference that is coming is one in which the potential role for Canada as a country is probably greater than at the summit. I don't dwell on it all the importance of Canada as a country at the summit, just as we deserve to be a summit before, but we're not feeling anybody—we are not as important as the president of the European Community or the president of the U.S.A. In Canada it could be different.

Visits to Canada: [Jim Callaghan] made the point that the election campaign was as well as serving the useful purpose of getting us elected, also forced us to look at questions like the fair in fairly concrete terms. And the idea, speaking culturally for a moment, the idea of the country as the community of communities because much more real to me as I travelled from community to community in Canada. And that view of the identity of the nation is a quite fundamentally different view from the one that has ruled the country and governments previously. That view is reinforced in my mind and will be in the government. I don't regard our cultural diversity or regional differences as being at all a threat. Quite the contrary I am comfortable with that view. I'm comfortable also with the sense that the country is maturing. □

Permission to come ashore

Last week Canadians in the hundreds—mayors, MPs and at least one professor of philosophy as well as countless members of evangelical church groups and just plain citizens of goodwill—were opening their hearts to “the boat people.” The tragic plight of hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese refugees jammed into temporary camps or clinging to leaky, overcrowded rafts and faded landing rights anywhere (see Madras), July 20, moved Ottawa Mayor Martin Devlin to launch Project 4800, aimed to find homes for that many displaced persons. In Toronto, 1960s activist Howard Adelman, now a 41-year-old professor at Yeshiva University, started recruiting friends to bring one or two families to Canada. Before he knew it, his Operation Lifeline had sponsors for 50 families and had sponsored similar groups in dozens of communities across Ontario with families arriving from places as far apart as NYC and New Bedford. In Winnipeg, newly elected MP Lloyd Axworthy was also seeking sponsors as a rebuke of his own

Previously sponsored refugees are permitted only to Canada once and above the government's own self-imposed self-imposed quota of 8,000 people, and by week's end volunteer groups had offered to sponsor 1,500 homeless people. However, it may cost up to \$8,000 to provide for a family of five for a year, and not everyone has been impressed that the great national upwelling of human-

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE



THE WORLD IS CHANGING



Walter (top) and young refugees in great national upwelling of humanitarianism

ter sunn might fade without providing the months of freedom, close support needed to help the newcomers from the tropics get on their feet in a country whose citizens are sometimes seen as inhospitable as its northern climate.

Roger would be sponsors are bears testimony of the patience and careful organization required to do the job

government taking the narrow view that the national had agency had no business examining courts under the previous Reid, however, examine the general trends would not have things with Ontario included—except for an even greater volume of corporate activity.

A central part of the policy launched by a federal-provincial committee was court delay. On that matter the 11-member board had 72 per cent of cases filed by companies were brought to a conclusion in less than three months versus 32 per cent for individuals. Defendants had eight times more chance of winning if they retained a lawyer. But because of their superior ability to pay and determination to win when the stakes were big, companies retained lawyers more frequently than individuals. Reid who intentionally stood away from public judgments concludes only. What goes on in the courts may be a moral barometer of what goes on in our society as a whole.

Robert Lewis

properly from a Winnipeg-based group which began reaching out to the South-Asian refugees fully a year before the tragedy of the boat people made headlines, and yet was able to welcome its first 30 deportees only in May. The Monocentric Central Committee, a North America-wide organization, which spends more than \$11 million annually on relief projects in numerous foreign countries, also has some advice to offer Canadians and their governments about jumping to oversimplified conclusions about the complex causes for what has been called “the boat business.” MCC, founded in 1938 to help fleeing victims of the Spanish revolution, operates in Canada from a modest two-story building on Winnipeg's gaily, now-161 Pembina Highway east, the front of which states its business in plain lettering: A CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY SERVICE. THE MONOCENTRIC CENTRAL COMMITTEE. The agency runs its South-Asian rescue campaign, as all newer groups will find they must, under an agreement with Ottawa that its member churches can privately sponsor refugees providing their own funds of housing, feeding and clothing them for a year. As of last week, Canadian Monocentric communities had committed themselves to sponsorship of about 100 newcomers in all, with the next group of 30 expected in mid-July.

Overseas service director of CCA (Canada) is John Walker, 45, a duck, water-horned Maritimer who first joined MCC in 1965 as a development worker in Greece. Freshly returned from a month's fact-finding tour of Vietnam, Thailand, Malaysia and Singapore, he is urging Ottawa to increase its official quota of refugees from 8,000 to 35,000 or even 50,000, restore its cancelled aid to Vietnam and lead a world movement to help the region's economic recovery.

Says Walker: “The public has been misled. It isn't just a case of an evil Communist government in Vietnam forcing people and land making them pay for leaving. That may happen, but many are leaving simply because the economy was gripped when the Vietnamese War ended in 1975. The West has done little to help these people reconvert.”

He also wants Ottawa to be more flexible in whom it chooses for asylum. “If they have to accept refugees with their children and a father with two young sons, it's obvious who gets to come. But we have to take the weak as well as the strong.”

That will only happen, he says, if secondary Canadians pressure the government. “My hope is that we'll get on through the discussions and begin to ease. Perhaps we can start a ground swell and force Canada into a more active role.”

Peter Chrysler/Gordon

Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

Sally Ball was arrested in February, 1977, for the stabbing murder of a middle-aged man. She is “Susan” who was arrested in the Edmonton hotel where the murder occurred turned out to be Stephen William Ball, 26, of Chilliwack, BC. Ball was subsequently convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment, but the court also ruled that his hormone therapy—part of a previously begun sex change—should continue in jail. Now the federal government is faced with financing the rest of a series of surgical operations designed to transform the still-male Ball in a woman. And that change, prison officials suspect, is going to prevent the Canadian penitentiary system with a unique problem: where to put Sally Ball for the remainder of his or her term.

“I ask myself, ‘What do you do with a case like this?’” says Dennis Weir, assistant director of organization and ad-

Ball: a unique problem for prison officials



ministration, at the Edmonton Institution. According to Weir, Ball's sentence expires but prison for enough to allow him to live in a woman and work as a prostitute when the murder interrupted his plans to go to the U.S. for the continuation of his transsexual surgery schedule. After extensive psychological examination, the court that convicted Ball of murder agreed that his hormone treatments should be continued but final approval for the operations was to come from Ottawa, which foots the bills. Since prison are

charged with providing the best of health care for their inmates, the approval probably will come, perhaps within a year. However, Weir is “concerned” about the reaction that Ball will get from female prisoners after being transferred to Kingston, Ontario, where the only Canadian penitentiary for women serving long sentences is located.

Ball has been “getting along fine” with the male inmates at Edmonton Institution, where he was transferred a few months ago from the Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, penitentiary. “But he obviously can't make in a male institution when he is no longer male,” says Weir. Weir speculates that if Ball needs protection after the sex-change is completed she could be temporarily lodged in a provincial jail, where she would be guarded by female prisoners, or that Kingston will have to work out some system of providing her with either protective custody or an entirely new identity to prevent her from being treated miserably, or worse. But that is a decision that federal officials won't have to make for at least a year.

Meanwhile, Ball is the Edmonton Institution's most famous inmate, the first federal prisoner in Canada to undergo a sex change while in custody. And there is not much likelihood the problem will go away—Ball isn't eligible for parole until 1985.

Severine Zvereva

British Columbia

After all, He's only human

When Judge Matthew Beggs rode his horse through British Columbia's Cariboo mountains in the gold rush of the 1860s, ordering with sanguine aplomb malefactors to be hanged, he established a jurisdiction that has since become famous for odd-ball legal opinions and behavior. The latest unusual case involves Mrs. Frances George, if it survives an appeal, determines that conversations between God and accused criminals are indeed sacrosanct, particularly from the eavesdropping devices of the RCMP.

The case then broadens to ask that reasonable ruling in relation to last year in which Indian from Port Wern (population, 200), a village some 200 miles north of Prince Rupert, was convicted of setting the forest alight on July 5, 1976, on an intended in a matter. “My hope is that we'll get on through the discussions and begin to ease. Perhaps we can start a ground swell and force Canada into a more active role.”

It's the rich wot gets the justice

In an era of multinational mergers, the courts of the land have rejected the battlefields of jobs in the volume for public control. For individuals, at least, the struggle seems more than life—and according to a new federal survey, destined to toward the bottom and the West. A Statistics Canada study of 1975 and low costs made in 1977 reports that companies were not only the biggest users of the nonremittent courts but had July 31 per cent more than their modest clients, compared with 28 per cent of individuals.

Companies used individuals more often (40 per cent) than individuals used corporations (20 per cent). The companies were more likely to have lawyers than the

defendants and their cases tended to be settled more promptly. When individuals sued the crown took longer—nearly as long as the study puts it. The striking possibility there is a purposeful delay.

The overwhelming majority of cases (79 per cent) involved disputes over contracts and property which not surprisingly in an age of plastic credit arose mostly out of bad debts. Since women have more trouble obtaining credit, the study speculated there were many more men likely to be sued. Where a case was settled also had an important bearing on the amount of the award. Regina, for example, reported the highest median dollar award of \$7,601 in a country where prices rise as rapidly when term from which to place. St. John's had a median award of just \$715. Winnipeg, \$2,715 and Fredericton, \$1,588.

The survey, by researchers Paul Reid and Craig Milne, is the first of its kind in Canada and cost \$300,000. Its major flaw is that Ontario refused to participate, as

Renée Seymore #1 and sentenced him to one day in jail, although the fee had cost the province \$24,000. Marro's verdict (see *Marro's*, Nov. 29, 1978) was upheld on appeal. Seymore and another defendant, a journalist, told police that 25-year-old Marro Duffie was the person who told them to set the fire.

At a voir dire hearing during Duffie's later trial for the same crime, the court was told that Duffie had volunteered to take a lie-detector test in Prince George at RCMP headquarters. In the courtroom Duffie was given an outline of the procedure to read while the two Mounties left the room to set up a lie-detector exam and tape recorder set down. While one of them was threading the tape, they heard, through the microphone, Duffie say, "Please God, let me get away with this just this once."

County court Judge C.R. Lander decided that Duffie's outburst was generated by the reaction of privacy promoters of the *Observer*. "It was a private conversation which should not have been intercepted by police without judicial authority. Then, Duffie's plea to God could not be entered into evidence for the jury to hear. Lander said that a court cannot deny the existence of God and that Duffie said be-

lieved himself to be talking to God. His ruling essentially was that, under the provisions of the Canadian Criminal Code, God is, in fact, legally a person. Duffie's prayer was evidently answered, for he was acquitted.

Meanwhile, the lot of Port Wain's residents has not appreciably improved since Judge Marro's earlier ruling. There have been no teachers or health care personnel since a Franciscan order moved out more than a year ago after one of its nuns was evidently threatened with rape. The only economic activities are fur trapping and wildlife and the major recreation is drinking home brew. Says Sergeant Ken Dorkin of the Macleod town, which last fall forcibly impounded an officer to the village after four persons were charged with assault, breaking and entering and illegal use of firearms. "It is a very sad situation. We need a certain amount of social work services but it really needs more expert to go in and sort things out." Mark Budge

A beginning, a middle—and the end

He taught with editors, publishers, executives and liquor. Between sipping his whisky and ten after parties, whenever shots for drinks and smoking engines which left him drying out in clinics, he kept writing 17 books, more than 400 pieces of journalism and columns of radio and television stories. At his death last last month, author Hugh Garner was 1983 Giller-Governor Award winner for a collection of his short stories, was at work on his 17th novel. It was a mad point whether it was the alcohol or cold he had finally stopped him. "I think he was built of boiler plate," Joan Robert Coleman, Garner's editor during his association with *Maclean's* Press, reminisced affectionately. "He was rough and hand-crafted and always looked to me like a water heater. But he brought out real love in people."

By the time Garner died he had already worked into literary legend. "It certainly would have been a dull country without him," said critic Robert Fulford in an interview for *Maclean's* last January. Even our far pieces in *Maclean's* found more life, he wrote, than profits, a consequence perhaps not only of his shaky health and hard living but of a writing style summarized



Garner playing wines, drinks, prostitutes in an idiosyncratic framework.

of the madhouse liberality of the American 30s and 40s. Garner's genre was the nihilistic novel. His writings were mad after the dawn and out of control of voice, dissonant and all-night coffee mad vividly captured in his To-

Nova Scotia

The Boston swordfish party

Shortly before dawn on the morning of June 16, three Yarmouth-based long-fishers slipped out of port and made for the George's Bank fishing grounds. The vessels were part of a fleet of close to 30 boats still actively involved in the swordfishing industry despite an eight-year ban on the sale of the fish in both Canada and the United States because of high mercury levels. That a hospital in the U.S. had released a Massachusetts provision which allowed its own local fishermen to sell within the state whatever swordfish they caught within three miles of the coast—had created a whole new East Coast swordfish country estimated to be worth \$10 million retail annually. The Yarmouth long-fishers were an integral part of that lucrative but illegal fishery.

The plan on this typical trip was for the boats to take 125,000 pounds of swordfish during three weeks of intense

fishing and then transfer their catch to American vessels at sea before returning to port with their holds empty and their wallets fuller by \$125,000—their share of the \$250,000 wholesale price. The Massachusetts fishermen would sell the catch to their own and take the other 50 per cent. But the long-fishers had barely been at sea a week when word reached them by radio-telephone that the Canadian government, after years of agitation by the provincial government and fishermen's organizations, had finally lifted the ban on the sale of swordfish. They could now legally return to Yarmouth with their catch and sell it in Canada.

The betting on shore last week, however, was that the exploits of the boats would proceed with their original plan.

For the fact is that before the 1971 ban, nearly 90 per cent of the Canadian catch was sold in the United States and that's still where the big demand is. "Let's face it," says Clifford Reid, a Yarmouth lawyer who has represented a number of swordfishermen involved in legal tangles arising from their smuggling activities. "If they bring in 125,000 pounds of swordfish, that's probably half the Canadian market as one trip."

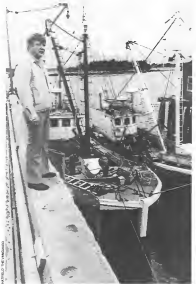
Because the Americans have so far given no indication of following Canada's change of heart, Reid, the almost everyone else connected with the fishing industry, believes swordfish smuggling will continue unabated and be-

After portside and swordfish, the same boat that returns home once piled

perpetuates Canada's decision to permit domestic sales will simply empty out the pockets for the fishermen. "While the ban was on, swordfishing was more than worked at by federal authorities. Now I'm afraid we'll end up with quotas and the fishermen will be forced to keep all sorts of statistics. When those statistics don't jibe, the fishermen are going to get into trouble."

The main benefit of Canada's lifting the ban, says John Hilmer, a Yarmouth businessman who began to get in on the ground floor of the newly legalized Canadian market, is that "it may serve notice to the U.S. government that no one will jeopardize their health by eating swordfish." All the fish sold in Canada will contain a warranty, similar to cigarettes, advising people that eating too much of it could be hazardous to their health, but few in the business think this will prove a discouragement.

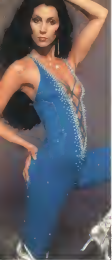
D.A. (Sandy) Maclean, the acting director-general in the Maritimes for the federal fisheries department, also hopes the Canadian decision will influence Washington policy-makers. "We have been putting sporadic pressure on the Americans to lift the ban over the years," he says, "but it didn't seem sensible to argue too strongly as long as our own market was still closed." But until U.S. officials are persuaded to open the rich American market completely, the betting is that most Canadian-caught swordfish will continue to find their way to Boston instead of Yarmouth anyway, via the same route the rumormongers used to ply in the days of prohibition. Stephen Kimber



After portside and swordfish, the same boat that returns home once piled



Barbara Amiel



People

With all the clatsup of a hush sandwich, navel golden. Cher keeps coming up with something slightly new. This year she legally dropped the last names of former husbands **Sony Bono** and **Gregg Allman** so that she could guarantee four-letter billing. She also joined the stream of disco crossovers with an album titled *Takin' Me Home*. It gets a lot of play at disco roller-skating rinks like the one in the San Fernando Valley that Cher likes to rent every Monday night for daughter **Chastity**, 10, and a revolving crew of friends including Lily Tomlin and **Orlando Bloom**. John. Currently in a controversial sex which will see her flaking 32-year-old gifts and home movies in Toronto later this month, Cher has a wardrobe that knows no bounds. Still long and lean, she is showing the benefits of a recent "bo-

oer-fusing" operation which is sure to draw attention away from the *Shogun* belly button. If that doesn't grab all eyes, Cher also has a "laser dress" it's said that her wardrobe man doubles as her electrician.

Back in Canada for the big misanthrope of broadcaster **Larry Zurr's** son David. **Rabbi Abraham L. Finkelsberg** was talking up his current project, a book tentatively titled *Sex and the Palpat*. "All sexual problems relate to religion—it's no wonder sex has always bothered misandry's lot," said the man who, first as rabbi of Canada's second-largest reform congregation, Holy Blossom Temple in Toronto, and then as peace delegate to Hanoi, because the country's best-known vociferous clergyman. Finkelsberg now lives in Boca, Miami, where he hosts a radio show focused on senior citizens and writes his book—in loquacious. The idea for *Sex*—began to form in 1964 but work didn't begin until 1976. This fall Finkelsberg will mark his 80th birthday with a pilgrimage to Jerusalem before returning to his book, in which he plans to cover women's lib, extramarital exhibition. ("Nothing wrong with that," aging and the humanity of clergyman themselves "It might be very interesting," he mused. "I'm thinking of titling one chapter, 'Is the Penis Glaciated?'"

First well in 1957, **Natalie Wood** and **Robert Wagner** duhabbed after four years when she became involved on- and off-screen with *Splendor* in the *Grease* co-star **Warren Beatty**. Reunited in 1972, Wood and Wagner are united in interesting Hollywood bliss. Their congenial staidity, says Wood, has helped her "let into" her most recent role, as the wife of **George Bush** in *The Last*

Married Couple in America. A comedy, the film is about a contemporary couple's struggle against the trend toward divorce. "Me and my lady live for ourselves and our family first, that's the most important lesson you can learn in life," says Wagner, 48. Though Wood, who turns 41 this month, has flunked her career in an attempt to follow the happily-ever-after, she couldn't resist a project that involved exploring the treasures of Lenington's Heritage museum with **Peter Onofre**.

There aren't many 25-year-olds who have killing Stases guitarist **Rae Wood's** home phone number. Even fewer have been invited to view his writings. But **Californian Bobby Chester** has not only called "Ronna," she has also persuaded the shy Stone to participate in a book she has assembled which focuses the art of musical lecherers **Joe Mitchell**, **Commander Gord**, **Klaus Voormann**, **Col Stevens** and **John Mayall**. Relying on "Tath and peroration," the entrepreneurial Chester spent three years tracking the stars, interviewing them and laboring over the production of all phases of the 240-page book, *Stoned*, due out this fall. Along with an initial printing of 50,000 hard-cover copies, Chester is also binding 300 in leather, that limited edition, signed by the artists, will sell for \$1,000 US (\$1,100 Canadian) and advance sales have already been made to **Wingo Stern**, **Graham Nash** and **John Bonum**. *Stones'* guitarist **Ruth Richards**, whom Wood depicts in the book in a portrait titled *Suspended Sentence*, was one of the first to sign up for a copy. "They are all really excited," says Chester. "People are going to be surprised by the range of talent." For instance, who would have thought that British blues rocker **Margal** spends his off-hours sewing quilts?



After six years of "dy-a-o-m-it" on the *Top 40*. Good Times, *Jerome* (J-J) **Walker** in trying to shed his teen-age weather-image and get back on the stand-up comic circuit which spawned his *hugabuzzed* success. A veteran of *Laugh-In* and *The Jack Paar Show*, Walker is taking his *Berserk-Bell* black humor to comedy clubs in Ottawa and *Wayward* this summer. As he explained to a Toronto audience last week, *Canadians* are ready for his "shony gnuus." The "J-J" tag is not easily forgotten, however. "People expect me to get up on stage and say 'dy-a-o-m-it' for half an hour." A curious appearance in *Airport '73-Comrade* should help his image shift and, if all else fails, Walker is willing to consider a return to the tube. "But only if there are magazines involved. After all, I am a teenage god."

Two years ago, French show-biz impresario **Jacques Moras** walked into a New York diner and saw a man dressed like an Indian hawking for all he was worth. Searching clicked and the result was *The Village People*, his

naïve stereotypes who have parodied their way to the top of the record charts with four hit albums which have sold 11 million copies worldwide. Enter **Alan Carr**, the man who gave solidified life to the Broadway musical *Grease*, and you've got *Disco-Disco*. Where the *Movie Never Ends*. Billed as a "romantic comedy musical like *Sing*" in the *Reve*

stra 1980," the film will see the exp. cowboy, leather man, hard-hat, soldier and Indian acting out their rise to stardom. "Discovering" the motley group is **Valerie Fontaine** (Lex Luthor's much address in *Superman*), who provides the romance in the story by falling in love with the group's lawyer, played by Olympic gold-medalist **Bruce Jenner**. Adding order to the wild and crazy lesson, which began next month, is first-feature director **Manny Walker**, who played **Valeria** *Hepburn's* Jewish man on *Kluge*. At least there will be chicken soup amid the heavy-metal hunting.

It is said that **Renato Vallancena** looks like **Alan Carr** and has the charisma of *Overnight*. He is also Italy's No. 1 criminal, with a history of murder and mayhem which has inspired him sentences of 100 years and counting. This month, as he makes his courtly rounds adding years to his sentence with each judge he encounters, Vallancena is being tracked by chaotic-haired *Giuseppe Bruno*, who petitions each prosecutor for a marriage permit. "It's a tragedy which has shaken our honor and name," says Bruno's mother, outraged that her 30-year-old daughter would want to marry the 30-year-old "prison threat" into their middle-class family. But Bruno is determined. She has loved Vallancena since they first met while she was attending school near Milan. The *Honore* Bruno has a history of inflicting his women with *ending* impunity. When he kidnapped heiress **Anna Maria Trapani** in 1977, they fell in love and she was reluctant to testify against him. Vallancena will not receive any mitigative repressive this time, however, and Bruno may have to content herself with a marriage by mail.

Edited by **Margaret Boulton**



Wood and Wagner: routing Hollywood bliss.



Walker: Russell-Bell 'dy-a-o-m-it'



World

Libya: behind the 'madman's' labels

Libya's Colonel Muammar Khadafi was back in the news last week with a reported threat to stop all oil exports for several years, a move which could trigger another oil world energy crisis. His remarks came in Syria during a month-long tour of Arab countries in support of their anti-Baghdad, anti-U.S. stance. But what the reports didn't make clear was that his threat was aimed less at the West in general, than at the United States, which recently suspended deliveries of Boeing 747s to Libya and which is currently training Egyptian pilots for what Khadafi believes is a new Egyptian strike against Libya by the end of the year. Claudia Wright, who has twice visited Libya recently, reports.

The centrepiece of the Museum of National History in Tripoli is a room filled with trunks of nature. A two-headed cat looks ferociously left and right out of its dusty glass case. Two lambs joined at the hip, one white, the other black, are a tangle of legs in their case.

To the nomadic shepherds who, 20 years ago, were more than three-quarters of the Libyan population, these



million of whom have poured into the country to work, teach, buy, sell and steal. And it was he and the feeling is mutual. To the outside world Libya itself is a freak among nations—a tiny, oil-rich supporter of every crank revolution and band of mavericks the world over. Khadafi, the epitome of the Libyan revolution, in the eyes of the Western press is “the world’s No. 1 troublemaker,” “the rascal,” “madman” and “the most dangerous leader in the Middle East.”

Libyans have heard all that many times before. They are avid radio listeners and color television sets, which cost only two weeks’ average wages, are widely owned. But they don’t necessarily believe the foreign reports about Libya, the attempted coups against Khadafi.

Sakal Karam, who has a PhD in Greek civilization from the Sorbonne, in Paris. He speaks Arabic, French, Latin, Greek and Italian and is currently excavating the largest ancient Greek temple ever found in North Africa. He knew, he says, the pilot of the helicopter that crashed in March 1976, killing several Libyan officials and a visiting East German delegation.

Western reports said that Khadafi should have been aboard and had been the target of an assassination attempt. Karam says that he has read the accident reports and knows the pilot’s family well. “It was an accident, a motor failure... very tragic, but that’s all.” He also knows the story of the attempted coup by army officers which appeared early this year. “What happened was this: there was an argument in the barracks. One officer drew his pistol. An-

Khadafi with friends, a ‘notre future’



Enthusiastic young Libyans, a two-headed cat!

other was killed, two wounded. The killer was court-martialed, convicted and shot... talk of a coup in Egyptian streets.”

Libya has not spent its oil offshore on bare other wild oil states nor does it suffer the same mismanagement. There are no shacks crowded in marble palaces and chaleted in Italy-Switzerland as Castles behind gardens with paid-plated guards. They were sent packing with King Idris in the revolution of 1949. Every Libyan is now guaranteed a house or apartment, car, numerous income, subsidies on basic necessities, free education, medicine and health care.

In the past 12 months, according to the Great Book, Khadafi’s three-part revolutionary manual, most forms of private commercial enterprise, including landings, have been abolished or turned into worker partnerships. The average per capita income has shot up from about \$69 in 1969 to \$6,164 in 1977.

Today’s intellectuals nevertheless remember poorly to the dominating force of their early lives. Before oil, Libya was one of the poorest countries in the world, stricken of its limited assets by the Italian colonizers and devastated by the North African miseries of the Second World War. Before the revolu-

tion, they say, most of the oil revenues flowed into the same few hands that held most of the land 80 per cent of the population was illiterate—90 per cent of the women.

All 33 Hawat is an assistant professor of sociology who studied at Louisiana State University. He was born in Hama, about 100 miles along the Mediterranean coast of Tripoli. “Ten years ago,” he recalls, “I was a town with one street. Now there’s a cement factory, a harbor for fishing, a central hospital, two high schools, elementary schools, a teachers’ training institute, day processing factories and electricity.”

If there is a spirit of opposition to Khadafi, Hawat and those around him do not see it in the office corps, on which Egypt’s President Anwar Sadat is giving his hopes. Khadafi’s greatest concern is with the educated youth of the country, and he spends a lot of time with them.

“We are now entered by Khadafi’s way of doing things,” observes Ousse El Fakhry, the director of public health research at the Arab Development Institute in Tripoli. But that criticizes its own special excesses and tensions. Fueled by sharply rising oil revenues—by more than \$4.76 billion in accumulated reserves, and about \$5.86 billion to be spent each year of the current five-year plan—it is more than possible that the pace of modernization will stimulate

people’s demands faster than the government can satisfy them.

A man called Old Mohamed—a nickname by which he introduces himself to foreigners—parades Tripoli’s beach hotel in open shirt, wide belt and cowboy boots. The hotel stands on what used to be part of his father’s farm, and he has made a living as a real estate agent finding apartments for diplomats and businessmen who favor the beach.

He complains about the inflation. He has to raise three cars, he confesses, because if one breaks down, it takes weeks to find. Another complaint: he can’t find secretaries anymore. “Libyan women... once they were like sheep. They did what they were told. Now they are taught to be good housewives and—mothers.”

And the men? The 38-year-old with blue-veined John Travolta good looks, who wears the paparazzi of Greece, say they are not eager for military service, which has become a requirement for all men up to the age 30 and involves partial mobilization and training of older men in the local militia. But no one in Libya minimizes the need for military readiness in the face of an Egyptian attack, which they feel will come this year and be more powerful than the border fighting of July, 1977. To their country’s detractors, they say their military preparations were made inevitable by the Egyptian-Israeli pact. Thus, in their view, pin Egypt’s \$50,000-a-month army against their \$40,000. But it is not a fight that they relish.

Nicaragua

The tiger and the tired donkey

For days the portraits had been grimaces. Senior Nicaraguan government officials were hurriedly removing their portraits and Washington was abuzz with rumors of a runaway success for the rebels. Even his longtime mistress, Theresa Sampaio, had fled to Florida. Interestingly it seemed Nicaragua’s 33-year-old dictator, Anastasio Somoza, would soon have no choice but to relinquish his family’s 60-year grip on the Central American country.

After a six-week offensive, the Sandinista National Liberation Front had, as one Nicaraguan put it, “all the cards in its favor.” It had captured more than 20 of the major population centres, leaving only the capital—Managua—along with Granada and the badly disrupted southern town of Rivas in the hands of Somoza’s once all-powerful National Guard.

The only place where the guard was reported on the offensive was the city of



Matanzas, 20 miles south of the capital. Someros sent 1,800 troops and planes to drop supplies on the guerrillas there in what looked like a last-ditch bid to hunt back the rebel tide.

Meanwhile, the Sandinistas were also reaping some political victories. The United States, which installed the Someros family at puppet and which kept it supplied with arms and aid almost to the end of its long, rapacious reign, turned to the Sandinistas in an attempt to influence the shape of peace—and any identifying rebel government.

The Sandinistas had announced a five-member provisional government with what appeared to be a moderate slant, but the U.S. feared that the junta might be manipulated by the aggressive Marxist wing of the rebel movement and that any revolutionary take-over (Ochoa and Fuenmayor were reported to have helped the Sandinistas) could set a disturbing pattern for other authoritarian states in the area—namely Guatemala, Paraguay and Ecuador—as well as Nicaragua, which could be a net for an alternative to the Panama Canal.

So the U.S. was anxiously bartering with the Sandinistas last week. The proffered deal: a mini-Marshall Plan involving billions of dollars in reconstruction aid in exchange for a guarantee of the participation of moderate and conservative members in a new government.

That seemed to leave Someros way out on a limb. But there was comfort of a sort at hand. Huddled with the dictator in his Matanzas retreat, U.S. Ambassador Lawrence F. Good was promising him a fight to safety in another country—possibly Mexico, currently housing the exiled Shah of Iran—and assuring him that his personal fortune, estimated at \$500 million, would be secure if he quit.

At week's end, Someros soundly was rightly resigned to grasping that lifeline. ☐

Sandinistas question captured guerrillas; he perhaps would his escape if he quit

He told assembled reporters he was ready to leave at once as the United States could negotiate a deal, adding: "I am like a tired boxer fighting with a tiger. Even if I win militarily, I have no future." **James Finke**

Spain

Open season on tourists

"Bomb!" Dr. Man Smart described a club sandwich as he stretched out at the poolside, the Mediterranean gifting snoring, the siesta list in the heat here. "I've heard about them but I've no plans to rush home. It will have to get a lot worse before it frightens away the tourists." Worse is already war. While the Kitz-

baer, Ontario, Dutch and his family enjoyed their Spanish vacation last week, events elsewhere on the Costa del Sol were less tranquil.

Suddenly tourism—an industry that earned \$4 in \$4.6 billion last year—was in the throes of terrorism's bloody struggle to crack the country's fragile democratic structure. Gearing their campaign to the annual summer rush to the beaches, members of ETA—an extreme left-wing group seeking independence for the Basque region straddling the Spanish-French border—planted bombs all along the Spanish Mediterranean coast. Explosives rocked hotels and sent sunbathers scurrying for cover. Warning calls forced police to evacuate thousands of North American and European holidaymakers. A Belgian couple improving their tan near the jet-setters' paradise of Marbella were hurt when a device went off near them.

Violence also spilled across the border into France, which has angered ETA by withdrawing political asylum for separatist guerrillas. A French Basque group machine-gunned the Puerto del Sol express train from Paris to Madrid, throwing sleeping passengers into a panic and prompting French authorities to dispatch extra police to the region.

Alarmed Spanish hoteliers were also demanding extra protection. The tourism industry, which last year drew 40 million visitors (including 170,000 Canadians), was already having to cope with soaring prices (Spanish gasoline went up to \$3.70 a gallon last week), a rampant price rise and labor strife. And although initially the risk of bomb splinters in their pools did not appear to be discouraging tourists in significant numbers.

French at elite jet-setters' paradise?

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and commanders—of the Canadian special agencies called by Macdon's last week was source of any trouble—a sharp cutback in services seemed likely if the new campaign continued.

Undermining the economy, however, was only one facet of the attempts to sabotage the government's moves to solve peacefully more moderate Bagnies' demands for autonomy. Already this year it has assassinated 48 people out of a total terrorist toll of 98 (compared with the much more publicized figure of 37 Italian terrorist killings in the whole of 1976).

Its chief targets have been the police and the military—in a clear attempt to provoke a right-wing take-over. And following the May 25 killings of a minister and two senators, rightist leader Blas Piñar called for a national uprising by the armed forces. Piñar received a swift par-judice from the new civil guard chief, General Pedro Francisco, sent here both to restore order and the removal of the government. But some officers are angry about Premier Adolfo Suárez' plans to renege a sizable degree of self-determination to the Basque region and, thus, unwilling to accept anything less than full independence, is being galvanized up the national temperature. Last week, it also wound its last member of parliament.

As for the terrorist boom, there was another opportunity to damage it this week when thousands of visitors flocked to Barcelona for the annual Festival of the Bulls. Since Bagnies maintain the city should be included in the region and last year's San Fermín festivities were allegedly halted when a youth died at street races. This year's procession efforts were made to be the last, with what is billed as "the world's largest party." But the odds were that not only bull's blood would be spilt; that time around.

David Baird

Rhodesia

Mr. Muzorewa goes to Washington

The untimely, the scene might have seemed farcical. Wearing a white doctor's lapel-pin badge and perched on a wagon drawn by four antelope cows hardly up the task, Zimbabwe Rhodesia's prime minister, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, returned from the streets of London to take over his official residence. There was rather more to it than that, however. The trek was meant to symbolize the country's journey to black rule, and thus Mr. Muzorewa will exchange the cow-cart for a limousine as he visits the U.S. in an attempt to convince anyone who will lis-



Smith, Muzorewa, and President Joseph Gomella: the antelope cows and a cart

ten that that journey is completed.

The visit is on the invitation of right-wing Republican Senator Jesse Helms, who arranged for the prime minister to meet interested senators and congressmen. It is also widely rumored that either President Carter or Secretary of State Cyrus Vance will invite Muzorewa to the White House for personal talks. Carter, in deep political trouble at home (see page 35), will probably have to greet Muzorewa from conservatives to see Muzorewa.

While Muzorewa will be anxious for U.S. approval of his government, so far unrecognized by most Western nations, his hosts have a different reason for promoting him. If Congress can be persuaded to lift trade sanctions—as Jesse Helms it voted overwhelmingly to allow the chrome is severely stopped from Rhodesia chrome will soon again be available for import directly into the U.S.

It is a matter of appeasing for the right wingers that the U.S. must now rely on the Soviet Union for its chrome supplies. The further rule is that the chrome is severely stopped from Rhodesia to the Soviets who, in turn, send it to the U.S. with a surcharge. Helms and his colleagues also regard Muzorewa as a balanced and prudent commissioner, so they will try to persuade him to associate a serious attempt at meeting with the Rhodesian Front guerrillas, who are demanding control of Rhodesia, in an attempt to give his government a wider claim to legitimacy.

Something of the same strategy was being pursued last week in Salisbury by Britain's special envoy, Lord Harlech, in secret talks with Muzorewa. Har-

lech's mission was reportedly to obtain the bishop's agreement to drop former premier Ian Smith and other whites from his cabinet, remove white privileges entrenched in the constitution—such as control of the civil service, the security forces and the judiciary—and meet the Patriotic Front leaders. The apparent aim to persuade the British Parliament that everything possible was being done to bring about an agreed solution with the guerrillas and ensure black majority rule.

The latest events in the U.S. and Rhodesia are part of a flurry of diplomatic activity in preparation for next month's Commonwealth conference in London, the Zambian capital. There, the British will confront several of the "frontline" black African states (Zambia, Mozambique, Tanzania, Angola and Botswana) which bitterly oppose Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's avowed intention to reinvigorate the Muzorewa regime.

An acute source of embarrassment for the black states participating, however, will be the limitations on their freedom to act imposed by their commercial and transportation dependence on South Africa and on Rhodesia.

The Brazilian first port in the Transvaal town of Arusha last week to discuss ways of breaking dependence and decided, as a first step, to set up a commission to oversee the establishment of their own transportation and communications system. But, for now, the dependent countries, as the forthcoming opening of the Commonwealth conference by the Queen will show only too clearly. As the royal visitor sets foot on Zambian soil she will walk down 225 yards of red-polished-oak carpet supplied, at a cost of around \$5,000, by South Africa.

James Flavin

West Germany

Bavarian bull or sacrificial lamb?

To many Germans it seemed like taking out step forward and two back. The federal parliament, in a move backed by its media and liberal circles throughout the world, voted last week to continue prosecuting Nazi war criminals. But almost simultaneously the country's conservative forces chose as their leader a man who could well come deep-sided from German conservatism and who possessed to a pitch in next year's race for the chancellery.

The vote to renew a 30-year statute of limitations for murder from the books before it could take effect on June 1 came as no surprise in a week in which U.S. congressmen were actively seeking the extradition, from his Paraguayan refuge, of Nazi merchant Josef Mengele, although the decision was closer than expected (225 to 222). The difference came from Justice Minister Hans-Jochen Vogel, who threatened that "after Auschwitz there can be no statute of limitations for murder in Germany." He might just as soon have said after Holocaust, for there can be no doubt that it was the reversion of that American statute in West Germany legislation, and the subsequent shudder of disgust and shame which ran through the country, that caused public opinion to switch overnight from favoring a deadline to wanting to see Nazi killers pursued to the grave.

At the Bundestag voting, however, West Germany's political landscape was given its most violent shaking in years by the decision to eliminate 60-year-old Franz Josef Strauss as the



right's candidate for the 1980 election against Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, leader of the ruling social-liberal coalition.

Strauss' threat for the conservative began seven weeks ago in his native Bavaria, when the hard-bitten, right-wing politician, who is both president-minister of the state and chief of Bavaria's Christian Social Union (CSU), round to capitalize on a leadership crisis within the bigger, national conservative party, the Christian Democratic Union (CDU), by announcing he was ready to carry a CDU-CSU banner into a "final fight" for the chancellery.

His challenge took its strongest form in the current popularity of Schmidt—the polls indicate that, at present, nothing short of a bulldozer could budge him—and what Strauss used was the stability

Death-camp demonstrators: a shudder

of the die to promote the right candidate or the right platform. His candidate, Rolf Achenbach, who recently changed his hapless professor in the CDU, Helmut Kohl, is a moderate whose ideas differ only slightly from those of the ruling coalition.

The stage is now set for what could be the most brutal and colorful election campaign in West Germany since the war. Strauss can be expected to make the most of his last chance at the top job, to the delight of his advisers and dismay of his enemies. The latter tend to see him as a demagogic demagogue with the cunning of Richard Nixon and the crowd-applaud of Huey Long. Strauss tells people exactly what they want to hear. In 1960, when an adroit Ger-

A little something on account

Bonnie opposition leaders were back to discuss an amnesty issue. The motion moved by President John F. Kennedy in announcing an amnesty for more than 5,000 crimes of the country's military dictatorship. They noted candidly that while they favored the amnesty, they did not think it would be a good idea to let the military go without any form of accountability. They also noted that the amnesty would be a good idea to let the military go without any form of accountability. They also noted that the amnesty would be a good idea to let the military go without any form of accountability.

The amnesty was part of the long-promised return to democracy in part of the country. It was the first step in the process of restoring the rule of law. The amnesty was a necessary step in the process of restoring the rule of law. The amnesty was a necessary step in the process of restoring the rule of law.

man often held that guerrillas were a source of pride at Christmas. This is a characteristic of the German people, the opposition would in fact be approved and the headlines would be approved by the philosophical condemnation of terrorism in the official documents.

However, the German people in the current line of dictators—all but a long way to go before he satisfies the amnesty movement, which has roots in Canada and other countries as well as at least he will have to sit all remaining in radio and TV, among the national security law following the president to govern unfairly by decree) and other legislation against students and workers, making the question of what is to be done to the torturers, legions of political parties, long-held popular opinions and, the attitude towards, allow a truly stable society to take on.

It is not, however, there has already been official fields that guerrillas were a source of pride at Christmas. This is a characteristic of the German people, the opposition would in fact be approved and the headlines would be approved by the philosophical condemnation of terrorism in the official documents. However, the German people in the current line of dictators—all but a long way to go before he satisfies the amnesty movement, which has roots in Canada and other countries as well as at least he will have to sit all remaining in radio and TV, among the national security law following the president to govern unfairly by decree) and other legislation against students and workers, making the question of what is to be done to the torturers, legions of political parties, long-held popular opinions and, the attitude towards, allow a truly stable society to take on.

George Hawley-Jones

city begin to show impotence at having to bear the burden of its Nazi past, he declared that "a country with such an economic miracle should not have to talk about Auschwitz." But he cannot be accused of neo-Nazi sentiments, even if his words and deeds have fallen on occasion inappropriately close to the line which divides the far right from the right.

What many Germans do begrudge Strauss, however, is the reputation for shady dealings and hooligan tactics he acquired while serving as defense minister under Konrad Adenauer in 1961-62. Accused of taking rake-offs from contracts for military equipment for U.S. troops in Germany, he led the editor and five writers from the weekly newsmagazine *Der Spiegel* jailed for "treason" because they had published information about defense installations. Eventually he was forced to resign when he was caught lying in performance over the *Spiegel* affair.

Does he stand a chance in next year's ballot? Many observers are convinced he doesn't. Current polls give him only 31 per-cent support, and that he was put forward by the CDU as a sacrificial lamb—much as Ilse, Goldwater was misled against an unbecome Lyndon Johnson in 1964—while the moderate Adenauer is held in reserve. But a lot could happen between now and next fall.

If the "Baumgarten ball" wins, liberals such as Franz-Josef Strauß—a long-time Strauss supporter—are persuaded that it will only be a matter of time before he starts making the "spectre of the ugly German" a reality. But other commentators think Strauss has squelched with one "His anti-constitution, for one thing, is not what it used to be," says *Spiegel* writer Rüdiger Safranski. "He's at his worst in opposition. As chancellor, he might very well relax and do a considerable job." —Peter Lewis



Photo: AP Wirephoto

U.S.A.

Gloom at the top

President Jimmy Carter, his administration at a crisis point over growing problems with energy and the economy, went late inclusions at Camp David last week for a "desperate

suggestion" in a desperate effort to find solutions and solve Carter's top deep trouble. He seems to be foundering where the United States is in urgent need of new leadership. A list of

on is news of fiscal situation. And it is a lively champion in its founder, and right leader. He seems to be foundering where the United States is in urgent need of new leadership. A list of

McKenzie maintains that once the city is somewhat stabilized, it is never again as complete. It will be easier to attract industry and residents. It is a department of housing and urban development (HUD) decision to remove every project in the city including the sewers, he says. It is too calling off a lion's hand and then wondering how he can't pick up anything.

McKenzie is faced, however, with what HUD says—and it has a \$68,000 central bank report to look at—was an air pollution problem. The challenge is that Soul City has not attracted industry. One of the city's few completed projects—an office building known jokingly as

Blumenthal, Schlesinger and Carter

to the polls, the nation generally perceives him to be a failure. Only 25 per cent of the people now think that he is doing a good job. That's the lowest rating for a president since modern polling began. It's even lower than the support Richard Nixon had when he resigned in disgrace.

Throughout the administration, officials express a sense that the week and the next could prove to be a pivotal period in the Carter presidency," said *The New York Times*. And, in its tacit recognition of that fact, over the weekend Carter called Vice-President Walter Mondale, a levy of congressional leaders and state governors, his press spokesman July Powell, White House chief political adviser Blumenthal, Justice Minister Jerry Bork, domestic policy adviser Stuart Eizenstat and pollster Patrick Caddell to join him at the Mountaintop retreat.

As intense brainstorming sessions were under way in search of energy answers. So Washington pressmen were surprised that Energy Secretary James Schlesinger and Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal, two men Carter might have been expected to consult before all others, were not called in from the beginning. There was considerable speculation that Schlesinger might be fired in the near future and that Blumenthal would go before the end of the year. By appointing new men to these key cabinet posts, it was argued, the president would at least give the appearance of seeking a fresh start.

There was also widespread speculation that Carter, in a further effort to regain lost momentum, would make a major energy-inflation announcement this week. High administration officials said privately that among the measures

being considered to fight gasoline lines—hundreds of thousands of people are still queuing two or more hours at a time for gas—was a eight day a week, in which only public service and emergency vehicles would be allowed on the roads.

Schlesinger, Blumenthal and others are known to be urging Carter to let the free market see that gasoline prices to where demand is greatest. If he does not take that step, they argue, the country will continue to be plagued with spot shortages until well into next year—by which time the population will be so

furious that Carter will have no chance of re-election.

Those who oppose the idea, especially Jordan, warn that deregulating gasoline prices will have surely "kill the president politically." If controls were lifted totally, they say, gasoline would rise, on the average around the country, to about \$1.08 a gallon and, even, within a month or so, drop to slightly more than \$1 a gallon. However, it also seems likely that further price increases are in store and \$2-a-gallon gas is a realistic expectation for the 1980s. If the president insists, it is said, he will be

Grouse: "The spectre of the ugly German"



Soul City sings the blues

Soul City, North Carolina is a diverse place. It has passed in the late 1970s it was seen as the bright future for 1980s in the United States—a multi-racial city is the talk in the rural South with opportunity for all. But 10 years and nearly \$30 million later there are hardly any people there. Black and white. The U.S. government has decided to end funding and is negotiating to foreclose on more than half the land in the city.

Soul City is not alone in its plight. But it is probably the best known of 13 so-called "new towns"—only five are still operating—which were started in the early 1970s

Soul City's only success in attracting one major tenant, who has now gone bankrupt. What's more, the shopping centre has ended only one of four stores and only 10 houses, occupied by 124 people, have been sold so far.

The next study says Soul City also suffered because of its diverse land expropriation established in the 1970s. But its houses, priced at between \$35,000 and \$80,000, were clearly overpriced for the white blacks who were supposed to move there.

Those who have been free to live on in the houses they have purchased. There is no demolition of housing. But the government is sure to take a beating. It is likely to encourage more Black City to be built to sell the land, justifying the original vendor at North Carolina's right-wing senator, Jesse Helms that Soul City was a mistake, wasteful boondoggle. — Catherine Fox



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Cartier's admirers are also split over what other measures he should take to ease the energy crisis. Some say that he should relax environmental controls on fuel burning, push mandatory fuel-economy conservation measures and commit billions of dollars to the development of synthetic fuels. Others reject those ideas.

Caught up in the environmental, to say nothing about the real danger that Congress may reject his SALT treaty, on which debate begins this week, the president seems to be drifting. There is a sense both inside and outside the administration that he is out of his depth and that suspicion was only increased last week when Cartier continued an short notice and without explanation a released speech billed as a crucial step in his new policies to fight inflation and the energy crunch.

Listeners say that he postponed the speech because his closest political friends persuaded him that he should not announce new policies to the country without first making sure that Congress would accept them. Another defect on Capitol Hill (the following story) could only make the administration look that much more ineffectual—if that's possible. At week's end a group of kids playing baseball at home (their parents weren't prepared to queue for gas to go away) were doing so in a dystopian chant. The words ran "Jimmy Carter has a way of messing up the U.S.A." William Lewisler

Washington

Surrender of the fittest

For the past two years, Dr. Donald Kennedy has stood guard over North America's dinner tables, trying to protect the population from carcinogens and chemicals. Now he has quit to take up the relatively unexciting vocation of professor at Stanford University in California. The reason: "It's a hell of a tough time to be a career public servant," he told an interviewer.

At head of the United States Food and Drug Administration (FDA), Kennedy fought a hard but losing battle against the powerful drug and farm lobbies. And, as *The New York Times* pointed out, in becoming "a growing number of high-level executives from the department of health, education and welfare."

In fact, more than one area of government in Washington is affected by frustration and dissatisfaction. Attorney-Gen-

eral Griffin Bell resigns this summer to return to private legal practice and, though he will never say it, the reason is that he has not been allowed to put through his reforms of the judicial system. The president's chief speech writer and two members of the White House writing staff all quit a few months ago, claiming they were being harassed, and seven members of the National Security Council staff have left after becoming "disenchanted."

Such are longtime Washington-watchers: "The people who are leaving now came in with Carter. They had high hopes that have been dashed. With the administration and its bad congressional relations, it is very hard to get things done. They have contracted a bad case of the midlife blues."

If so, Kennedy may be a classic example. He had no sooner moved into his new office in 1977 than he was involved in controversy. The FDA had just decided to ban the use of saccharin in diet

was only a first default. Kennedy went on to try to ban the use of sodium nitrite—a known carcinogen—as a meat preservative and ended hand-on with the farm belt. There was no first and there either from Carter, who feared the political consequences of angering the agricultural industry.

Kennedy ran afoul of the farm lobby again when he tried to ban antibiotics in animal feed. He argued that people should not consume antibiotics indiscriminately, even in very small amounts, because to do so ultimately lessens their resistance to disease. Farmers countered that their drugged feeds kept herds healthier. They won.

Finally, Kennedy found himself in a struggle with the hype and wealthy drug companies over his attempts to limit the use of prescription drugs and to make sweeping changes within the pharmaceutical industry. And again the legislators let him down. In the end he



Kennedy, Bell, growing disenchantment

foods and beverages following Canadian evidence that the artificial sweetener was found to cause cancer in rats. A public and private outcry followed. Weight-conscious Americans howled in protest while industry lobbyists pulled every possible string on Capitol Hill. Kennedy was called in orally before hostile congressional committees which, in the end, rejected his scientific arguments, passed a guarantee on the ban and probably will approve legislation that will allow the chemical to remain in restricted use.

The saccharin controversy, however,



concluded that a "lot of politeness are out there running against the bureaucracy, making political hay by knocking the agencies they will one day be responsible for," and so he quit. It was, he said, "a hell of a discouraging business."

His departure may have more than passing significance for Canadians because FDA decisions to ban or back-border products have traditionally influenced Ottawa legislation. That influence may now wane, for there are strong indications that U.S. legislation in this field is now being modeled to an unhealthy degree by the industries involved. William Lewisler



Sports

Rude awakenings from lifelong dreams

By Ken Aagaard

When it is said and done, you can't do better in mind of a player unless you live the game. —Mr. Profit, *For Love, Money and Father's Disappointment*

In spring the fancy of most young men way to far to lose, but by June as estimated 30,000 young North American men's lives turn to professional football. This year the new Canadian Football League teams had a total of 620 players working and fighting for 1977 jobs. Like bearded whales that, when pulled to sleep, return reluctantly to their dream, some players return to training camp again and again. But for the 313 who are rookies, it was a new and stunning experience.

This year 140 of them came to camp wearing their Canadian status—they are the "CFL Pros," in the vernacular of the CFL. Few, if any, can explain why they want to be professional football players. Perhaps the glamour plays a part, money is never mentioned. But, like Tony Gabriel's younger brother, Peter, says, "It's a dream," and others agree with Steve Gellay, a 38-year-old trying out with the Montreal Alouettes in his fourth attempt at the pros, who admits, "I guess it's all I know how to do."

At training camp a rookie is paid between \$1 and \$5 a day plus room and board, and meager nutrition for playing in exhibition games—if he survives the first tough weeks before they begin. Each player must sign a Standard

Writing for the (as it is), rookies Scott Sparrow (left), Canadian, and Pat Whitely, an American, on the Oilers bench. It will

Players' Contract which, for the rookies, serves as humble protection in case of injury or shenanigans by management as well as establishes contract terms if he makes the team. A guaranteed maximum of \$11,000 for rookies and \$14,000 for veterans has been won by the CFL Players' Association (CPA).

"This made the days, as recently as 1971, when players could make as little as \$2,500 a year," says association president and former Saskatchewan Roughriders great George Reed. "Things are much better now. Salaries for non-imports are, excluding the superstars, comparable to imports. There may have been 10 or 12 players last year below the \$11,000 mark, and a handful below \$13,000."

The rookies, however, are still at the mercy of the club, with bargaining expertise rather than excellence of skills often determining salaries. They receive no support from such groups as the Canadian Amateur Football Association and the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union. The CPA doesn't help until they make the team and pay the \$400 annual membership fee.

"I don't think a rookie should walk into camp and expect to be on top of the world," Reed stresses. "He has to make the team and prove himself first. After all, there's only so much in the pot and if rookies get it the vets won't."

Nor are the rookies protected by the shelter of their parents—high-school letters, all-star awards, Coaches bowls, college bowls. After the fanfare and the invitation to try out, they are tossed back to the bottom of the heap.

"It's tough coming from the rah-rah of college to the pros," says Kenne Fawcett, a 28-year-old native of Trail, B.C., who earned all-star honors at Utah (Latter) State University and was No. 1 draft choice in the CFL this year, selected by the Toronto Argonauts. "I mean, you just start all over again from the bottom and have to work your way back up."

Training camps are, naturally enough, designed to weed out the weak and tougher the strong. The nightmare is a strict, the physical strain torturing and the emotional strain terrifying. "You're not used to being where you are, you're not used to being where you are, you're not used to being where you are," says Fawcett, "You need a coach of the Americas."

"I heard quickly never to be alone—don't give yourself time to think about

It," says Scott Spangren, a 35-year-old from St. Francis Xavier University and the sixth draft choice of the Ottawa Rough Riders. He was cut as June 15. "And don't read the newspapers," adds Dave Behm, the Riders' seventh choice out of the University of Ottawa who was also cut on June 13.

Steve Warlick, a 35-year-old punter from Toronto trying out this year with the Argos after being a late cut from Ottawa in '77, suffered the humiliation square Warlick just one day before training camp opened May 27. He left his berth at 5:30 the following morning

The veterans play a significant role in the life of a rookie in training camp—and they are well aware of what the rookies face, including, on the average, a career of four to five years if they do make it. "The overwhelming feeling for me and, I think, for the other Canadian rookies is first the excitement and thrill of being on a pro camp, and, secondly, the feeling of a learning process. The veterans can help," says Nick Anzani, a

Canadian veteran Neil Lamontian takes a handoff at the Hamilton camp. "A rookie has to go out of his way to fit in quickly."



to arrive in camp only to be released two weeks later.

The CFL allows a maximum of 15 "imports" per team which, due to the worth of talent south of the border, all teams sign. That leaves 18 spots open for the "true imports." Paul Behm, Winnipeg-born assistant general manager with the Blue Bombers, believes that "The Canadian kid, because of the import rule, has the greatest opportunity in professional sport in all North America. It's the only sport that legislates opportunity." But the CFL is still a numbers game. From the 1971 and '78 CFL Canadian college draft, only 65 of the 106 players drafted made it. The 1979 college draft has similar figures with 19 of 61 having made a CFL club. "It's often a matter of being in the right place at the right time," says U.S.-born Ben Lanester, former Saskatchewan quarterback and now head coach. "It's the nature of the game. Every player has to realize that this is a lottery game. You're either in or out—that's it in American. But, things are getting better for Canadian kids. I signed my first contract with Ottawa for \$5,000."

25-year-old from Bishop's University trying out for a backup spot behind all-Canadian tight-end Peter Dulla Riva at Montreal.

"Vets watch and talk about who they think will be cut," says Canadian Neil Lamontian, entering back for the Hamilton Tiger-Cats and Eastern Conference rookie of the year in 1976. "A rookie has to do things to be noticed. He has to go out of his way to fit in quickly, and after a week and a half, when the mental fatigue begins to try him, he still has to think he's different. He's going to be the one who'll make it."

Joe Scanzella, head coach of the Alouettes, talks of the realities of training camp. "A rookie knows that a veteran, who has played well but to be severely beaten before he loses his job."

Tommy Gahleit, premier tight end for the Alouettes, has been through it. He shakes his head when discussing rookies. "As a veteran, you don't want to tell a kid about the odds against him. Let him see the job. A young Canadian kid has got to be versatile, play specialty lines and be determined." His brother, Peter, brings

In They's shadow, says "I dream of making a touchdown catch that wins the Grey Cup." Wide awake on the practice field, he adds, "But, we rookies all agree that we're here to do a job and keep our mouths shut." Peter was released by the Argos on June 22.

Rookies are quick to learn that Canadian pro football is indeed a "business." Not a lucrative one, but a business just the same. CFL revenues last year totalled \$35,980,000. Expenses, for six of the nine teams, were in excess of revenues despite the almost \$300,000 each team receives from television rights.

(When compared to the \$3.1 million each National Football League team received for U.S. TV rights, the team strives to lose change.) The Grey Cup champion Edmonton Eskimos organization made a profit of just \$100,000 last year, the Saskatchewan Roughriders lost \$225,000.

The rookies, particularly the non-imports, start quietly at training camp with a great deal behind them, hoping for more ahead. The odds are clearly against them; their battles must be fought alone, their fears dealt with each day, and futures, which may not include football, seriously considered. Though many would admit that the odds against them are enormous, few are willing to look beyond the game. Peter Spence, a 26-year-old import from Pennsylvania State University trying out for Ottawa, says: "I think every player has to put the game in its proper perspective. I believe it was a gift from God that got me this far, and I'll fight make it fit, because, with God's help."

When the 1979 season opened this week, 57 rookies were in uniform—262 were still dreaming.

Business

The secret courting life

By Rodrick McQueen

The two competitors faced each other across the reproduction jargon's desk with its drawers symbolically on both sides, the handle clear though. Behind the desk, German Perreault, 62, the chairman, chief executive officer and president of Bank Canadian National and former page boy at the Montreal Stock Exchange. Facing him, Michel Bélanger, 46, president and chief executive officer of the Montreal Bank of Canada, former president of the Montreal Stock Exchange. It is May 4, and Perreault, the wise old owl, is shoving and bawling in the bright light of his own idea merger. Surprise spreads across Bélanger's rugged face like sudden sunlight on the Laurentian shield. The 30-minute meeting ended at 6 a.m. that Friday, setting in motion eight weeks of secret talks among a handful of people, so the only two Canadian chartered banks where the officers operate in French planned to merge. An details were released last week, the new bank (if approved, as it likely, by Finance Minister John Crosbie and shareholders) will be the sixth-largest bank in Canada.

To be called the National Bank of Canada, it will have assets of \$14 billion, about 15,000 employees and 25,700 shareholders with, after consolidation in five years, between 625 and 700 branches, including up to 140 outside Quebec. The proposal had begun with a brief phone call from Perreault requesting a meeting in his office the next day. There, in the corner suite, with its leather chairs, Chinese vases, Lalique crystal decanter and glasses, and the sixth-floor view of Montreal's historic Place d'Armes and Notre Dame Church, Perreault rambled a bit about long-term planning, then got to the point. "We have questions to ask each other. We'd like to profit, so let's tie our heads," Bélanger took a moment to recover. "I don't know what to answer. It's a good idea, but I need time to think about it."

"They agreed to talk again in 10 days, and for further conversation," Bélanger left for the three-star hotel west on St. James Street to his office. Reminds Bélanger: "I thought: 'It's a crazy idea, but so what?' Certainly, Perreault was convinced. "Things like that, I think



Perreault's Bélanger (top) and BNC's Perreault around the risk a couple of times.

about very quietly and slowly. In banking, so take-overs are possible, it's mutual consent of both parties." But, neither Perreault may have decided that merger was both the route to growth and the way to fight the union populism movement in Quebec (which lost more money as deposit than all the banks combined), Bélanger wasn't so sure.

He talked with his chairman, Leo Lavoie, about two women giving away markets in a corporate bid, secretly, whether or not the personal and corporate of the two banks were compatible. Looking at bits of the two bank's branches, Bélanger was amazed to discover there were only 12 Quebec branches where the two were side by side in town. In most cases, even if the two were combined into one, another bank was available for customer choice, he concluded. Further, there were three costly overhead expenses that would be chopped and the increased that the new bank would have in areas outside Quebec. After a trip to Western Canada, Bélanger talked with his chairman again on May 15. Both had reached the same conclusion: merger was the right move, right now. Perreault came to Bélanger's office on May 17. "We have to do this quickly," Bélanger told him, "and without any slip or embarrassment." Because confidentiality was



needed, they couldn't keep meeting, so each appointed a lawyer to negotiate the deal. For Perreault, it was based member Claude Ducharme, of Desjardins, Deschamps, Desjardins & Bourgeois. For BNC, it was board member Philip Vinberg, of Phillips & Vinberg. They first met May 25. The respective general of banks was contacted, offered no negative view, and so the two lawyers prepared a four-page letter of intent, and an eight-page merger contract as required by the federal Bank Act, along with ap-

*The Toronto-Dominion president of the BNC Perreault, who was in \$2 billion and 1500 branches (20% of the in Quebec).

pedals flailing, strong other things the 88-horse engines.

Perreault, Bélanger, Vézina and Ducharme met for lunch June 28 in a room at the Hotel Ritz-Carlton. It was hot day, so the meal was light—salad, fruit and cottage cheese—as waiting was rendered fast. Executive officers were named 300's Perreault would be chairman, Perreault's Bélanger would be president and chief executive officer. Leo Laroc, vice chairman, and Perreault's M. St-On, Jacques Duvall, executive vice-president and chief general manager. Agreement, by that time, was relatively simple: "You have to go around the table a couple of times," said Bélanger. "But it's not all that difficult." Points out Perreault: "An older, the time has come for me to stop being president." Bélanger sees little change in his posts, although he admits there will be much more work. "A chief executive officer is a chief executive officer. Under one chairman or another it doesn't matter. It's just a case of a different personal relationship."

On June 27 officers went to directors of the two banks to attend separate, special board meetings about merger with an assumed bank directors flying from Quebec City to Montreal for the respective Friday afternoon meetings soon knew which one it was when they saw directors of the other francophone bank on the same plane, also flying to a special meeting. There was, however, no opposition. Berger had been coming a long while. A decade ago, discussion reached the board level, but went no farther for reasons so one can recall today. "It's a logical step, but you don't exclude the emotional part," says Perreault. "This was a hidden desire of many people." Still to be settled are questions such as when building will be used for head office (Perreault plans to proceed with its announced office tower in the 1980s with the two-building complex with Bell Canada in Montreal), further senior officer appointments, and likely change card will be honored (likely both Vézina and Ducharme). With the seal of approval from the minister of finance expected this month, special shareholder meetings likely in August, and final federal cabinet approval to follow, the new bank should be operating Nov. 1, doing about seven per cent of the chartered bank business in Canada. Will the merger work? Bélanger quotes George Bernard Shaw's response to a lady: "Dear, when she suggested that he be the father of her child." "You have the greatest mind. I have the most beautiful body. Therefore let us produce the perfect child." Replied Shaw: "Suppose the child was born with my body and your mind?" Comments Bélanger: "That's the risk we're taking."



GM-12 model (above) and the Buick shows up 21 million times

On a gulf-world and a prayer

The corner of the prospect turns the bad news "This agreement," reads the headline print, "should be considered only by those who are offered a total loss." But after the high-risk financial comes the high-risk performance. There it is, as the inside feast over the GM-12, the two-passenger golf-wagon sports car, which had a boy of U.S. states and countries fighting for the joy of having it. It is the latest related dream of a man, John S. DeLorean, 34, former U.S. auto industry player, reportedly the model for Adam Trevelin in Arthur Miller's *Widow*, the man who brought "under-the-table" and the OTO to Pontiac. But these days, even dreams are costly. Either as a wealthy banker, Wood Gundy Ltd., of Toronto, Canada's largest investment bank, low well-known as entrepreneur's friend.

The catalyst between idea and investment in 1976 was Edmund King, 43, then president of Wood Gundy Inc., the U.S. subsidiary in New York. Impressed by an article on DeLorean that stated, in addition to his automotive

knowledge, a photograph of his baby chert, King sought his advice on a project. "I was never intrigued in his project," King recalls. "I can't even remember what happened to the other one." Later that year, King was back in Toronto as a vice-president and director of Wood Gundy, keeping in touch with DeLorean, advising him on financing and, by the end of 1978, hitching rides in the racing prototype.

DeLorean had formed his own company, and was busy betting off the eyes who pointed to DeLorean like the gilding Brinkley from New Brunswick "Brinkin." DeLorean says, "I was thrown up at an approximately 30 million times." Pressed for money as he shopped for plant sites, DeLorean convinced friend and Toronto Shaw bank Johnny Carson to sell his Wood Gundy, three times, to get \$600,000 such as his project, is return for 250,000 shares—about one per cent of the company. Stand-up comedian and steel banker is the Old Gentle. Not so, says King. "Our business is risk-taking of a variety of different forms. This is one of them."

Production of the stainless-steel-sled

car with lightweight steel spine and suspension, "composite structure" body, shavings and a near-legendary V-6 Renault engine begins next year in December, near Belfast, with \$40 million from private investors and \$104 million in British government backing. That plan picked from many government-backed offers came a deal put together in London and Belfast in 1976 by Wood Gundy for which, coincidentally, it received \$300,000 "for services rendered" and a five-year warrant for the purchase of 200,000 more shares at \$10—the price now being charged dealers who need to purchase a minimum of 2,500 shares and commit to buy 50 to 150 cars (285 have signed on in the U.S.) when production begins next year. Prior in Canada will likely be above \$47,000 and although none of the 34 planned dealers yet exists, there is at least one period waiting to buy. King says: "After all my involvement, I just couldn't help but do that."

Roderick McQueen

A case study of the retiring dean

These should be the salad days at the Harvard business school, established in 1908 as "the West Point of capitalism." The master of business administration degree is in vogue as never before, coveted by both corporate headhunters and ambitious undergraduates. Among its alumni are 35 per cent of the top executives in the Fortune 500 as well as a 1,100 leading Canadian businessmen. Yet, as spring becomes summer along the banks of the Charles River in Cambridge, Massachusetts, there is a pronounced unease, a decided wall around the school's edge. Cause for the concern is the president of Harvard University, Derek Curtis Bok. This spring, Bok devoted his annual report to a searching, not entirely complimentary, analysis of the Harvard business school and its case study method. He has taught ours all the way from corporate headquarters to faculty lounge.

The case method, long Harvard's teaching hallmark, means faculty spend much of the year away from campus studying the operations of various companies, looking for particular problems that students can study and solve. Although he acknowledged that the case method has its advantages, Bok charged that it is a poor vehicle for teaching sophisticated concepts and analytical techniques. This defect, Bok wrote, "mattered little in an age when the

knowledge applicable to business decisions was rudimentary. As the corporate world grew more complex, however, the problem became more serious."

Bok's report also expressed concern that many business-school professors were spending too much time developing cases (and well-paid corporate consulting jobs or board memberships to which their case work often leads) and were neglecting traditional academic research and the publication of learned articles. His criticisms have struck a raw nerve because, next spring, Lawrence E. Foulds, 58, dean of the business school for a decade, retires. Bok alone, with his "radical" ideas, appoints a successor. Too, there is a growing fear that Harvard no longer sits in splendid and successful isolation. As Mks. McQueen told of 65 deans of graduate business programs in 1977 ranked Stanford University academically best, with Harvard second and the University of Chicago a close third.

Although some at the Harvard business faculty regard the poll with lofty disdain ("Are there really 65 leading graduate programs in the country?" one professor inquires angrily), others concede that it reflects the growing popularity of the heavily conceptual, statistically laden approaches to management pursued at Stanford and Chicago. Bok, says Assistant Dean Tim Ansoff: "Most of the students who come here want to learn how to run things. You can't teach them how to do that with a faculty that is not grounded in the real

world." Adds C. Wickham Skinner, a Harvard professor who cowrote a \$2,500 a day as a corporate consultant: "It's a little bit like telling a chemist to stay out of the laboratory and just think up his ideas. The business world is our laboratory." Student spokesmen agree. "I specifically want to Harvard because of the case method," says Jamie Anderson of Wilkesville, Ontario, the 26-year-old co-president of the Canadian of Harvard Business School association.

From its office overlooking Harvard Yard, Bok insists no one should fear radical restructuring. The main method, he says, "the best single teaching device for professional education," and he adds that the report raised "questions of refinement, not of fundamental change." While he has not yet revealed his choice, Harvard insiders expect it will be Assistant Dean John McKinlay. Meanwhile there is growing sympathy for Bok's concerns. "I think President Bok's report was like the introduction to *The Sea Within Deeper Men*," says Assistant Dean Ansoff. "He's grown, but we can make him better," Tony Hill



A smart, tough survivor comes in from the cold

By Peter Carley-Gordage

Today, Dr. Reinhold Kaltsch is back in his office at Gruenberger Strasse 64 in Glessen, West Germany, modestly fulfilling a promise he made to himself while lying in bed with a broken back in Southern Indian Lake, 490 miles north of Winnipeg, back in April this year. What began as a month-long adventure tour by truck of the northern Manitoba winter roads became a month-long trial by ordeal when a 15-foot ice mound he had climbed to survey the thawing ice on Southern Indian Lake collapsed. It was on those first few days, during short periods of consciousness, when Kaltsch found his brain was producing a natural pain-killer—at first, only 15 pain-free minutes a day but gradually extending to two hours—that he made a mental note to do research on this endorphin phenomenon when he returned to his medical practice. He never once doubted that he would return.

Rescued from the Valley of the Shadow and lying on the bed of Room 19 at Winnipeg's Adair's Hotel on June 1, his sun-browned neck in a cast, 50-year-old Kaltsch could afford to laugh at the fact he hadn't prayed once during that long month. "I am a religious man but not in a formal sense. I figure that if you don't normally pray when things are going well, you won't feel God by suddenly kneeling when you need him." Though he claims he was never afraid of dying, Kaltsch admits he was lucky and also well-organized.

A less logical, more excitable man would almost certainly have been dead. Kaltsch didn't lose his cool even, despite a broken back, fractured skull and twisted ankle. His break, with obvious bones April 20, after he had said goodbye to son Kai, a Grade 10 student at the nearby St. John's-Blessed Sacrament school in Winnipeg where he has come to learn English. Borrowing a half-ton truck and two dogs from friends at Schuster, 220 miles north of Winnipeg, Kaltsch set out to fulfill one of his life's ambitions: crossing a large frozen lake by truck. His chances were busy as he sped across Southern Indian Lake, but



Kaltsch with his helpers, Blodde and Boris, a broken back, a cast's cast, two dogs and the back of a Whiting.

then came the lead engine crack of breaking ice. "An Indian had warned me it was becoming unsafe, so I climbed the mound to find a safe route and take some more pictures." That was 10 a.m., April 24. His next memory is of two bears, wet tongues licking his face, blood oozing from his nose and ears, and terrible pains in his back, chest and stomach. It was 4 p.m. His eye vintage paint had collapsed beneath him and he had lost consciousness for six hours. His ears were frozen and his face was swollen. A painful self-examination confirmed two fractured vertebrae. "As a doctor I knew I'd have to be quite motionless and avoid dislocation," he recalls. "The greatest danger would be to

panic." He didn't. Crawling carefully into the back of the grey truck, he made a nest from five sleeping bags and threw a 180-pound bag of fish bones out so dogs Blodde and Boris wouldn't starve.

Though well-stocked with food and pain-killers, he avoided the latter. "I knew they would increase the risks by lowering my resistance." The next three days were spent deliberately, his teeth clacking being to eat water and orange juice to keep his kidneys working. By the time he was found a month later, he had lost 32 pounds.

Survival depended on not a drop of energy being wasted. During his last painful resting periods he planted his every move in detail.

The first problem was to stay dry. Condensation from his breathing and body heat, coupled with -20°C temperatures at night, were turning his nest into an ice prison. "I was anxious to keep my clothes dry and avoid the freezing pains I'd read about." At the back of his mind lurked another anxious thought: he had promised to phone his son in Winnipeg at noon, May 24, to let

him know all was well. His determination to do so helped keep him going, even when his treasured water tank froze. He solved that one by pulling it into his sleeping bag to thaw it with body heat.

After eight days, satisfied he could risk some movement, he crawled out and set up a tent in a sheltered spot 50 yards inside the bush. Condensation and very dangerous still stagnant ice, so he began stretching small logs in his pain-free periods and spent a week building a narrow log cabin about the size of a single bed. Finding a raised-out stove in the bush, he improvised a chimney from four empty orange juice cans and set it up in his cabin. After two weeks he was able to work for an hour, rest for 1½ hours, then work some more. He tried to attract passing planes with smoke bombs, but failed.

After three days in his makeshift cabin, the phone call to his son began to press on his mind. He decided to try to leave. His map showed a hydro line about five miles away, which would lead to South Bay and—hopefully—help. "All I could think of was that if I reached the power line I could set fire to it or damage it and attract attention. It was my only hope because it's a remote area."

On May 27, five weeks after his painful adventure began, he set out, traveling for short periods early in the morning, resting, then slowly walking farther.

With screws and laces, he improvised reins for the two dogs, so they could pull the child's sleds, which bore his essential supplies. Most of these had to be ditched as making snow made progress harder and slower. Finally even his expensive camera was abandoned.

When he reached his goal May 31, he found no power lines, merely a cutting far from that had never been completed. "It was disappointing and I only had reserves left to eat, but I saw an old hydro construction camp in the distance."

A two-meter canal, too wide to cross without a raft, separated him from the camp. But then he remembered sighting some abandoned oil drums on his weary travels. Laced together, they would make a raft. It was while he was going in search of them that the helicopter buzzed overhead. Like the others, it was blind to his smoke bomb and flare, but it landed nearby to let out three hydro surveyors. Kaltsch screamed at them over the wind and gave the camp and the narrow track picked up him and the dogs. He made the call to son Kai at noon from a nearby Indian reservation. He was as hoarse as "My watch was still on standard time but Manitoba had switched to summer time." ◇

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A good man can be expensive to find

On days astrologers have marked as auspicious, Hindu marriage processions take to the streets throughout India, flanked by bearers holding brightly burning lanterns. The bridegroom, decked out in embroidered finery, rides a white horse and a band plays. Hundreds of mangoolds are threaded onto strings for garlands and decorations around the doorway. In most cases, the groom hardly knows his bride. The wedding will have been arranged by his family and, if he is seen as a good catch, they might simply have sold him off to the highest bidder.

Behind the colorful processions and the ritual of the marriage ceremony lies the bargaining of the marketplace, and behind that the threat of gruesome murder. Every day in India, at least one recently married woman is killed to death by her in-laws because her family has failed to keep up the dowry payments, or because the groom's parents have suddenly and unaccountably asked for more.

Dowry murders have become so common that a new Indian law makes it obligatory for the police to investigate the death of any wife within 18 months of her marriage. In New Delhi itself, police reported 266 bride-burnings in the past year, but said they were able to prosecute in only a handful of cases. The husband's family merely has to swear that the dead woman suffered a riot of her own when she was near the altar, and there is little authorities can do.

One of the most notorious cases concerned a beautiful girl called Tarvinder Kaur. Last December, she married a 28-

year-old Sikh, Satpal Singh, who sold motor parts in New Delhi. Although Tarvinder's family had already paid dowry for their daughter, Satpal Singh decided he wanted to expand his business, so his parents began putting on pressure to get more. Tarvinder's family was unable to pay.

In May, Tarvinder was watching television when her mother-in-law crept up and poured kerosene over her. Her sister-in-law lit the match. Tarvinder ran screaming from the apartment and collapsed, critically burned, outside the front door. She did not die immediately and she was able to make a statement to police.

Tarvinder's murder spurred Indian women's organizations, particularly the Society for the Protection of Women, which led protest demonstrations last month in New Delhi. A delegation met with Home Minister H.M. Pandit demanding special courts be set up. Future demonstrations, they said, would be held in front of houses where brides had died. But it's difficult to see what the government can do. The dowry system has been outlawed for decades but no one pays much attention to the law.

Illegality of it has done nothing to curb the skyrocketing prices for an eligible groom. The amount is determined by the groom's profession, income, caste and family background, but any Indian living abroad can command a particularly high price. A groom who holds a United States alien registration card can easily fetch about \$12,000 in dowry money. Officers in the Indian administrative service or the police are also con-

sidered highly eligible—above doctors, engineers and lawyers, whose dowry price might range up to about \$2,000. Doctors are not only paid in cash; the bride's parents might give her son-in-law, furniture, television sets or cars. Failures either ruin the groom's profession, or his name, or his income. The dowry price The parents of one bride in Bangalore had to double the normal payment because their daughter had a slight limp.

An unmarried girl in India is regarded as a liability and, in many places, the birth of a daughter is still considered to be an unlucky event. There is a higher mortality rate and more malnutrition among girls, while boys are looked after better and educated because they represent the parents' insurance for their old age.

Thus the dowry system, which was originally intended to provide some kind of economic security for the bride herself, has become corrupted into a paying demand from the groom's family. Two things could wipe out the practice. The first is if new husbands were prepared to stand by their wives and overcome family pressure—the maternal influence is strong and very few are willing to do this—and the second is if the parents of daughters informed the authorities of dowry demands. But they won't do that either. It would merely wreck their daughter's marriage prospects. So they pay up, and leave the girl to take her chances. Peter Niesenwald

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By Lawrence O'Toole

Blaze Street, Toronto. A balmy summer evening. A long line snakes its way around a theatre where Allen, the master horror kit, is playing. Piling, nervous laughter. Enthusiastic small talk is passed the time. Shuffling spectators and jittery little scenes of anticipation. People have been known during showings of Allen occasionally to vomit their souls and vomit. "I hope you don't snuck up," one man says to a woman. The woman, who has the sweet voice of a model, rubs the sickly dress clinging to her midriff and says, "Look, I can't wait." The line begins to move. A serpentine, scared procession.

North America is hell-bent for horror. The hottest ticket in every town is terror. In a society splintered by edicts and shaken by crises, remembering Jonestown and awaiting Skylab's shower of metal, the cult of horror has metamorphosed into the biggest cult of all. The terror trade has made a killing everywhere—books, movies, Broadway, kids' toys and cereal, pay-mails and television. The malignancy of each medium is now the message, affirming a malaise that can't

be shrugged off by the pleasures of soft-drinking events in spurious suburban homes or the assurances of good and steady careers in bustling urban centers.

The times are palpably paranoid. The old moments meet—reminder of Jaws—bombs in the air. There are global energy crises, threats of nuclear meltdown, rising rates of teen-age suicide, belated plague in California. A few months ago snow fell in the Sahara—for the first time in recorded history. Nin people are missing every day for their cars. Cancer is still generally uncontrollable, all kinds of addictions may be dangerous to your health. It takes no gift to be a 20th-century Casanovian.

Instead of avoiding the fearful—whether it be a desecration of the Father of oxenism in an ominous dark room or a visualization of a defecated lamb—people are embracing it, finding romance (Dreadful), organs of death and dismemberment (Dances of the Dead, Broadway's *Sweeney Todd*), cheap graveyard thrills (Phantom), old-fashioned chills (Ghost Story) and even laughs (the vampire parody, *Love at First Bite*). What's happening may be a loose definition of decadence.

This summer the movie industry isn't



THE CULT OF HORROR

releasing horror movies—it's unleashing them. All, even cheapies like *Halbwelt* and *Phantom*, are hits. And the best, or worst, is yet to come (see box). Floozing is books as well, the terror trade finds a big audience in the extremely accessible paperback market. Horror is the grassroots genre, getting scared is the great equalizer.

George Romero, 30, who directed *Dances of the Dead* and *Martin*, played the 1968 zombie cult movie *Night of the Living Dead*. He says that since *The Exorcist* made the horror movie venerable, not to mention lucrative, "you can get any script past the studio executives if it's in the genre." From the shadow in *Psycho* to the beach in *Jaws*, horror has undergone a radical transformation. It has come out of the closet of the old dark house and moved into the wide-open spaces—even space itself. It has taken the old genre and, in Romero's words, "bared all the nerves," showing a world out of control. And if the world is out of control, psychologically it may be

easier to read rather than worry.

The state of the art in Hollywood in such that audiences can escape into terror—he lately drawn into it, he alone with it, yet know they have control over it. "Horror movies reduce you as a member of the audience to nothing," says Romero. "The rationale is, 'Blaze this is the way we're going why not celebrate it?' Audiences want the film to come to them, to expend as little thought and effort as possible." Technology has made that possible—manufacturing an incredible self-second reality in movies you believe for the moment that a serpent-like infant is bursting through a man's stomach. Or that a zombie is tearing away a slab of someone's flesh in *Dances of the Dead*. Nobody has to suspect his disbelief—the movies suspend it for him. "And in the darkened theatre," says Romero, "it's every man for himself."

Alone—that's the operative word in horror right now.

"We live, as we dream—alone," wrote Joseph Conrad in *Heart of Darkness* in



1902. Not surprisingly, Conrad is enjoying a popular, as well as intellectual, revival (the heart of darkness theme in *The Deer Hunter*, the opening Apocalypse Now based on Conrad's novella itself, naming the spacey Nietzsche in *Alien*). With innocence apparently forgotten at a very early age and the family, fading as an institution, Conrad's notion of man as an island has never held such sway. And, in the four clicks of the morning of the mind, prey to all kinds of disturbing persuasions, people look out for themselves first and foremost.

Alone. Birth, the first and most painful process in life, plays a large part in modern horror, eliciting fears that are primal and ineluctable. The monstrous infant ripping through the man's stomach in *Alien* looks around at the crew members of the spaceship as though to mock them for vengeance (and by the end has taken on more and more a human shape). An audience can't help but react on a deeply subconscious, disturbingly primal level. In *Prophecy*, the fetus created by experimental tampering are unilaterally malformed. They are our product. The reproductive system has become the repository of foulness, as in *The Breed*.

Wanna see the left walling for the 'Alien'?
Clayton Kopp and the Grand Donal
Pleasure with vampire protection in
Dreadful: all done with what scores you

"The body is the wallpaper of horror," says Broad Director David Cronenberg (see *Maximum*, July 31) whose surface, circular scenes, *Shivers* and *Rabid*, have found ready audiences. "When you look in the mirror and your body is aging or rotting away with disease—that's real horror." Seldom has a culture had such an intense, microscopic look at how the body can be mangled, teeth sinking into necks, umbles tearing flesh, fetid birthing, genetic mutation, telekinetic bloodbaths. And instead of revulsion, the trend has taken the fascination that a born of fear.

Overlaid from the mid-1960s imagination of Rosemary by the Devil in Roman Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby* (its Beyond the Door, *It's Alive*, *The Exorcist*, *The Omen*), horror has chronicled the breakdown of society right at the core of its atom—the nuclear family. "Probably the family is where we all learn about horror," notes the author of *Ghost Story*, Peter Straub. "Most of what I've been writing seems to hinge

The spirit of the Czar lives on. Wolfschmidt Vodka is here.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver cube with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

on the mechanism of buried guilt." Robin Wood, the organizer of more than 40 films for a horror festival scheduled for Toronto's Festival of Festivals in September, considers the horror film the most subversive genre of all. "In the '50s, virtually every horror film of distinction has been centred on the nuclear family, with the monster identified as its product."

Fifth Avenue, New York: A blindingly bright, perfect spring day. People with money to spend and time to kill are swept along by the pulsing momentum. The mood is magnanimous. A thousand faces are on the verge of a giant smile; but, discerning the friendly traffic, a crowd is edging in front of a bookstore's window display. Inside, mounted against a charcoal grey backdrop, a 'woman wearing a crimson sashette is draped lifeless, over a greenstone. The sea splashes against the window, reflecting the stars, frozen, crystal in a spell. The look has nothing to do with Peter Stralk's best seller, *Ghost Story*.

Horror writing had its beginnings in the Gothic novel of the late 18th century, with Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* and Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, moving into the 19th century with Mary Shelley's *P Frankenstein* and the writings of Edgar Allan Poe. It was a reaction against rationalism, but the response has become nightmarish. The new delight is the dream of dread feeds off a kind faith: readers and audiences believe in the monstrous, or are willing to believe. The world of masses shut out, the experience becomes primitive, total, religious.

"Fear is a religious feeling," Philip Kaufman, director of the recent remake of *Exorcism of the Body Snatchers*, has suggested. "Religion isn't as strong as it once was, so there's a demand for scary films by people who miss the old fears. That old thrill of accepting the unacceptable—Carter's 'Year in the Blood' has been shrill throughout the '70s. Devilish speculative paraded religious symbolism: *The Exorcist*, *The Omen* and their sequel. The killer in Alfred Sole's *Ator*, Stuart Altier is a repressed religious fanatic. Carter's mother, a fanatic as well, drives the teen-aged girl to wreck her telekinetic love."

"Horror," wrote Edgar Allan Poe, is "the seed of plot"—essence in the extreme. With the world going out of kilter, some adhere to the afterlife, some subvert before Billy Graham, Remond Angles, David Mamet or Garter Ted Armstrong. For others, chaos is a prelude to horror movies or reading horror stories. "We're in a period of outrageous uncertainty," explains Bob Kaufman, who wrote *Love at First Bite*, "and defences work. People don't



Warner Horowitz's vampire in the remake of 'Nosferatu', celebrating this ghoulism

want to think anymore. It's nice to go away for a few hours into a genre—the surreal is becoming real because there's a predictability about it. There is a beginning and an end, as opposed to our lives which go on and on." The few people who have day to day, the more they look for escapism. "I think everybody has a lot of free-floating anxieties," says Stephen King, the 35-year-old writer whose last name perfectly describes his preeminence in the horror-writing field. "One way to get rid of them is to externalize them. Horror works almost always by putting the reader on what's bothering people in the real world."

With society a circus of sensations,

Horror in film and in print

The new and the old remakes released and coming soon

Alien, Ridley Scott

The Amityville Horror, Stuart Rosenberg

The Blood, David Cronenberg

The Changeling, Peter Medak (Columbia produced by Garth Steinberg)

The Chastity from the Black Lagoon (remake)

Down of the Dead, George Romero

The Drunkard Man, Brian De Palma

Dracula, John Badham (screen version of the Broadway hit, due Friday the 13th)

The Fog, John Carpenter

Swamp Girl, Allen Ruffell (Canadian-produced)

Halloween, John Carpenter

Invasion of the Body Snatchers, Philip Kaufman

Love at First Bite, Stanley Dragoti (written by Bob Kaufman)

Martin, George Romero

Nightmare, Arthur Miller

Nosferatu, Werner Herzog

Psycho, Wes Craven

Requiem, Don Casarez

Resurrection, John Frankenheimer

The Shining, Stanley Kubrick

Werewolf of London (remake)

The books on the shelf and coming soon

Jay Anson's *The Amityville Horror*

John Farrow's *The Blood*, All Heads Turn

When the Devil Goes Red

Stephen King's *Carrion*, *The Shining*

Salen's *Let's*, *The Stand*, *Might Shift*

The Devil Zone

Stephen King's *Ghost Images*

Anne Rice's *Interview With the Vampire*

Charles French's *Love*

Bill Prosser's *Warlock*

Martin Cruz Smith's *Nightwing*

Peter Stralk's *Ghost Story*

Shadowland

Thomas Tryon's *The Other*, *Harvest*

House

William Derrid's *The Bloodline*

Toys of the terror trade

Our children may look upon Homer as a hero: an entire toy industry has been built around the *Star Wars*. Three years ago, you can play with the Hulk a Rage Cogs—any infant is attached to the TV hero to expand him and help him break down the walls of his prison. More pointed are two dark games—a monster squaw bow drill, large game, and Gollum, King of the

Linear horizon: the crew of a spaceship along with the ultimate passengers.

Down to earth, another lovely crowd, two-ages, their lives often at the stretch of Indian: battling for sovereignty over prostitution, have been forebears! The movie, *Guerrilla*, stars a boy and girl in the Fordy, the bloodcurdling Irish character of Romero's *Warrior*, the malcontent parent-plot in *Alice*, *Shant Alice* in a song by Toronto punk band. The Prince, the *Guerrilla* movie, the *Guerrilla* girl named Lina (Lorenza) didn't care and winds up queen of the cannibal kids at the local shopping mall. With teenagers, the nuclear family suffers its cold split. Stephen King proposes an odd, a horror, a horror, a horror, a horror, a horror, the book and the movie came out during the violent perceived chaos between generations, when the younger are viewed out of control; subsequently, there was an explanation for the kids—they were possessed by the Devil.

Beverly's pop music for the teen-age crowd, particularly punk and New Wave, is also full of the apocalyptic values of the worse possible future. "I'm a Punk in a Punk World," says Warren Zevon, Blondie's Steve Costello and the now-defunct Sex Pistols—also named *Meat Loaf*—have used images of old monsters and new technological ones to address the future. "I'm a Punk in a Punk World" is a warning of the future. In the present, but a party about a sinking ship, parasitically feeding off common fears and using the iconography of horror as a statement of style. From *The Killing Room*, *Symphony for the Devil* and *Black Sabbath*, the music of the future has always had a soft spot for celebrating the ghastly. "You listen to punk and it's a little bit like walking into a rock 'n' roll elevator with the doors opening in hell," remarks Sheppard. "It's a little bit like walking into a steamtrain that has fostered a night-life culture in North America. 'I love the night life,' sings disco-dancer Alicia Bridges in a paean to the decadence of dancing in the dark. The aesthetic fashion is in the face, highlighted lips,

Monsters. Headings on the dart board include DOODLE DO! (10), NEW YORK (10), and NO. 1 (10). For the less marginally gifted there's an adorable Goshawk dart at 10 and Owen (a creature from *Starliner* G-section), a disturbing Alien dart, and a red plastic dart with little suction cups at over 4 million Goshawks. It's called... *There's*



Poker play: reading the critics

blood-red lips. Avant-garde fashion
opts for your basic Dracula's black.

The current cult of horror began with teen and the college crowd—midnight showings at the windowless circuit nurtured the macrophobic fantasies of a young, restless audience, one that had grown disillusioned and angry, or just bored, with the broken promises of the '60s. They went to see Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* (1968) and its sequels, and

the *Leaving Dead*, The Tenet Characters *Measure* and, the *duddy* of them all, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* New in its fourth year in Toronto, the story is a little different from the original, coming upon a castle populated with transvestites and lovers of old horror lore leads its audience into paragon of joy, allowing them to depict their own desires in the film.

Having gathered momentum throughout the decade, the love and fertility for the genre has planted itself firmly in common consciousness. *William Lane of First Mile*—the top comedy of the decade—has taken the city by storm, with some numbers aimed at blood counts. With the *Alvin* around, the vampire has grown slightly bawdy, but is still a driving curd. Its most notable movie version of *Dracula* is, however, *Dracula* (1992), which is a "vampire" off a new twist, and the "love story" See a real twist, to. Asked what he thought love was like when he was human, the vampire in Anne Rice's brilliant novel, *Interview With the Vampire*, answered, "Interview with the Vampire," adding another, something

Heard a kid say to his buddies: "Mighty man and mighty mover—gotta get my members and super guys with a kid that will give you the insight. But best of all there's only one and only one: The Sims." It's plain to see: a creation story from a computer. For the trillion occasions the Sims can be used to build a man.

cents there was quickly lost. I think it was the pale shadow of killing." With the missionary position considered about as exciting as taking ten thousand, new sexual frontiers are not sealed off. "Vampires have always had charisma and a kind of sexual dominance," boasts Stephen Kaplan, 30-year-old head of The Vampire Research Center in New York. "We recognize the times are super-hot." His claims to have interviewed more than 200 would-be and actual vampires (always with an assistant) as clients further to have demonstrated 11 different kinds of vampire. In his book, he knows the name of this form still is gone. (Bonne's Martin also has his critics: writes "I [people can operate with springs, needles, that kind of thing.")

To whom does the terror trade pass? *Apocalypse*, soon, it would seem, to say. There's too much optimism around to allow good to triumph over evil, now it's often the reverse, and if good triumphs, it's increasingly marginal, increasingly temporary. Will *Spenser* Weaver of *Alone* make it back to earth? Will the women in *Properly* give birth to a mangled fetus? Will the surviving couple at the end of *Dances of the Dead* make it to Canada as their hosts? What horror shows don't end in destruction, they whimper away into a big question mark, of a sunset. Someone's always left alone, in the dark.

Lady, it just might be the beginning of the end.

With files from Rita Christopher
and Ann Johnston

Books

Too cool a heart for the heart of darkness

A BOND IN THE FIVER
By M. B. Ferguson
October 11, 1954

VS. Naipaul is at a watershed in his writing career. Now 45, he has long since abandoned the effervescence that bubbled through his classic Transatlantic novel, *A House for Mr. Birn*. His famous detachment has become almost obsession, he looks at the Third World through dark, hooded eyes and sees only physical and moral squalor, the collapse of order and the futile, an-logic scurrying of doomed men. His skepticism has hardened into a despair that threatens to poison the wells of his imagination.

Nile and Africa as a terminal case



A second generation Indian boy is Trinidad and living now in London, his pool has occupied an honored place in the family. The reader of *My Darling* knows more than that, however. The boy can now tell the reader that he is a writer, and that the titles under which he writes are self-justifications. A *River* is the *River* in a first novel, but it is not one of Naguib's best. It is not, neither the finest and concentrated work of the author, nor the clarity and tartness of *A Free State*.

The story is set in an African country that is Zaire (formerly the Belgian Congo), in all but name. It is an unusual setting for a novel about a writer, but the self-justifying being depicted knows nothing of the Man. The narrator is Simba, a Muslim Indian from the West African country of Senegal, who has been in Port-au-Prince for a long time. He has been treated for contempt: "We" washed up on shore, you know," his *Papou* friend had said to him. To be in Africa you need to be strong. We're not strong. We don't

[illegible]

Glossed over, also, is the ambiguity of Naipaul's attitude toward black Africa. In his recent novels, *The Englishman's Boy* and *The Free State*, Naipaul wrote of Africans with an appalled fascination; here he has removed his finger from the pulse of Africa, a patient he now regards as a terminal case. Solim doesn't seem to be able to read black faces. "There

forces of Africa! These masks of child-like calm that had brought down the blows of the world . . . indifferent to notice, indifferent to compassion or contempt . . . I never felt closer to them, or more far away."

But even if it were true, this is a special virtue when it comes from a novelist of Nagaiwa's distinction. He is a master of atmospheric writing, effectively evoking the fear and paranoia of people caught up in uncontrollable events. The country he describes is palpably real, a landscape of clanking, grating, horrendous and moral degradation. The inner characters are beautifully observed: Father Hummel, the great who controls Africa, naïveté and whose evil is African; the African trophy on a spire, the franks Hinde, cruel; the white man, Burger, the franchise "owner" who tips of bread over "mangled black remains of meat".

As the truly major novelist to have emerged from the Third World, Nagaiwa has a particular responsibility as a truth-teller. But so far his truth has been partial, because his vision, although apocalyptic, is incomplete. His unwillingness to believe in the transcendence of the human spirit impedes metaphysical liberation on his writing. Unless he can free himself to think in redemptive terms, Nagaiwa will diminish as a novelist. And the loss to modern literature would be irreparable.

Robert de Santaró

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

C TEAM

- 1 The Waterman Circle, Ludlum (T)
- 2 Good as Gold, Miller (Z)
- 3 Shikumi, Travolta (Z)
- 4 The Last Encantment, Stewart (H)
- 5 The Island, Banchley (A)
- 6 Overload, Haller (E)
- 7 War and Remembrance, West (T)
- 8 Sophia's Choice, Steen
- 9 Ghost Story, Siskel (G)
- 10 The House Project, Wallace (H)

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- 1 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Shubun (1)
- 2 The Power of Trust & Mathematix (3)
- 3 Beyond Science, Trudeau (2)
- 4 Linear Recall By Royal, Recall (4)
- 5 Memento Quarex, Crawford (10)
- 6 Operations Plus, Chappin (8)
- 7 At One With the Sea, Jensen (8)
- 8 The Complete Scientific Medical Diet, Tenover / Rigler (5)
- 9 Brood's Brain, Sagan
- 10 How to Prosper During the Coming

1. *Provisional* – not a final
agreement until the end of the
process. It is a binding commitment

In the traditions of Round village, he wants to take over the world with a plan (not to give anything away) that regulates nature on a city in outer space. They women pull pants, fasten on the belt, and then they look at them. It's doing the push ups. An always, there's a special girl, this time Liza Chiles. Holy Goodness yes, that's the name!—a fit again posing as a NAACP secretary. You just know she's got that "that." He asks her after she has changed someone's jaw with her magic "NAACP." "No," she answers, "Vassar." And, an always, the sex is swift and silky, with a few extensions thereof. He's not a very good lover, but she's enjoying me," he says to her, referring to a bottle of champagne. The Round film are as sexist as telling someone she looks terrible, and she comes, like a girl, so beautiful, always to be enjoyed. Both genders seem to be enjoying it all.

Those who turn up their noses at the Band series might consider the Wildman wit of Christopher Wood's screenplay: "Look after Mr. Band—see that some harm comes to him," says Drax, later. "At least I shall have the pleasure of seeing you out of my picture."

For the men who've looked up at the screen in awe before, Moonraker nearly staid-finds the senses. Besides the wickedly clever gadgetry, there are (1) a free-fall fight in the air after Bond falls, without a parachute, from an airplane; (2) a jungle pit blown up in mid-air; (3) a chase through the canals of Venice; (4) the world's most expensive glass, Tootsie, totally demolished, in a scene that's the last word on the bull in the china shop; (5) a fight atop a submerged railway car above Rio; (6) another boat chase, this time up a river; (7) an underwater battle with a giant snake; and (8) the final confrontation in Moscow.

The series is pure plot. It keeps you thinking, fascinated—how will he get out of this one? How will he escape Jaws (the giant with the steel teeth played playfully by Richard Kiel) this time? The dizzy locations—Venice, Rio during carnival, the Amazon—are enough to knock you out.

But the chaotic location of all in outer space. With John Barry's brass and woodwind score, the race theme is breathtaking and Moonraker turns into a ballet in the skies. The effects are dazzling—tiny yellow and white figures blasting lasers at each other, the explosion of the space city, Bond and Holly making love at zero-gravity, make-believe has seldom been so magical. And all the while, you know that Bond's intended, in a way, that you are too. Moonraker is an example of why some people love movies instead of liking them.

Lawrence O'Toole

Puffed-up snuff

© 2006 by Terence Young

When Ben Roife is transferred at the start of Sidney Sheldon's truthfully dramatic melodrama, the control of the Roife pharmaceutical empire falls into the frail but surprisingly capable hands of his daughter, Elizabeth (Audrey Hepburn). Someone in the company says that the stocks will go up and alleviate their financial worries. But Elizabeth won't let, keep their money tied up and, for that reason, become herself the target of murder. The suspect lists force her to work with a wife (Michelle Phillips) who doesn't like her. Roy Schneider and her husband, Maurice Romet, who sticks pins in bottles and watches them die, a brigadier (Omar Sharif) and his virgin wife (Irene Papas) and Ben Conroy. Ben Roife's murder is the last. Elizabeth must be able to alleviate her worries.

As Elizabeth, Audrey Hepburn is still bone-beautiful, but the less said about her return to the screen in stargaze the better. By appealing to strong family ties—Elizabeth has flashback to her father's life in a Polish ghetto—and at the same time relating attempts on her life to a series of snuff movies, *Bloodline* tries to excuse its own porphyry scariness. Michelle Phillips, for example, has her knees nailed to the floor by moloskers and then we're told how horrible it is. *Bloodline* isn't nearly as silly, stupid movie—it's also a morally bankrupt one. **LOU**

Animal House with pimples

WEIGHTS

Designed by Ivan Fiedler

Disgusted, disgruntled, look at summer camp. Here's what to expect, probably on a junior-high production level, a jumpy kid with glasses, a fat kid, a little summer-eating talker, a warden (not kidding), talks about periods and pesticides, a clown, talks you through a thought about head hair and shots of sunsets for continuity. It's Canadian-produced, features some young Canadian actors, and is totally inflexible. **RBI** Moving from *Saturday Night Live* to *Land* is some of his off-brand new style. There's a subplot with a *Beetlejuice* kid dirty enough to inspire thoughts of murder. *Monthlies* in *Animal House* at puberty. It just might make a *Forrest*.

1.07



Leach, Rendall, Burgess and Monk in 'Cool
fan talk' and (below) confessor Barwood
the solid swell of shimmering sound

Music **A flag at half-staff**

The new and only sterling product to have emerged from the past 10 years has been the MAC orchestra under founder and conductor Mario Bernardi. There was hope that Festival Ottawa, an annual summer series of opera and chamber music of which Bernardi is artistic director, might, in time, become an international event—the musical equivalent of Stratford. But, when a festival goes through 13 publications in nine seasons, the chances of its going worldwide are grim. ("Where's the publist?" de-

wanted a frazzled journalist needing photos that weren't ready until the eleventh hour. "Probably getting her hair done," retorted one resigned employee.)

Last year a number of high-powered public relations people, among the best in the country, were hired, but the morale remains, according to one source, "vile." With so much interest being evinced in flags and the kind of sandwiches served at after-theatre receptions—wings, for diaphan—it's small wonder the NAC's new blood is died. While the NAC tries to keep its house in order by arranging duties and knickknacks, its plumbing and heating are shot.

Though nominally separate from the MAC, Festival Ottawa is still controlled by it, naturally causing undue internal strife, not to mention confusion. For example publicity for Bernard's orchestra itself, which is, more or less, the festival, can't handle calls for the festival, because publicity for the festival is separate from publicity for the orchestra. This year the centre expects a

lay out \$1.26 million for the July run and recover \$225,000 from the box-office on the assumption that 85 per cent of the seats are sold. Except that the way seats were selling during opening week suggests that the box-office people will have produced either 20 hooked rugs or a major prose work in their spare time by the last performance on July 28.

Still, nestled within the complex—and among the complexities—is one of the finest opera houses in North America.



1998

ca. In addition to the musically multi-faceted production of Messiaen's *Quartett* (which this year, there will be a revival of Tchaikovsky's *Quartets* of Spender with Margaret Forrester, and a new production of Messiaen's rarely performed *Concerto* with the brilliant American mezzo, Frederica von Stade, which Bernard will take to Washington in the fall. The chamber music offered is world-class: the Beethoven Arts Trio, the Vermeer Quartet, the Fine Arts Quartet, the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Canada's Oxford Quartet. And nestled in the starry setting is the NAC's staple item — its orchestra.

In Court, Bernardi and Ferruci created a quiet swirl of shimmering sound—for three hours the ear became an ergonomic zone. A female tale tinged with melancholy, the plot is molly, the music lush. On a bet from Don Alfonso (Ricardo Capovilla, far past his prime), two soldiers, Guglielmo and Ferruccio (Allan Monk and David Randall), test the fidelity of two sisters, Florinda and Doralba (Mary Margaret and Diane Loebe), by inducing them disguised as Alibonians. With the help of their mad friend Despatch (the fall-theated and petulant Douglas MacIntyre), they concoct a grand ruse, making the lovers undergo all sorts of humiliations, however, and in the midst of the world's whereabouts" all "find a lovely wife."

Some of the choir's most movingly melodic music is there—Soprano in *re*, *For parts, My love, my companion*—and it found a clear, open conduit through the orchestra. One might, however, director Jeanette Asker put her singing stars through a course not dissimilar to that of true love in the theatre: always ready to help, but not the first to take the lead. Why? Can't the theatre be some of the MAC's theatre people who are obliged to spend most of the summer in enforced slumming? Jean Gasson, head of theatre, could have brought some theatrical sparkle to it, but wasn't asked to. The singing style was often first-rate, the ensembles elegant and the long, legato line of Kendall's voice impressive. But if only the theatre's contribution could be anywhere near that of its orchestra.

It's broadened that the opera house is dead (arguably open, that is) virtually all winter (and spring, and fall). Since the St. Côme's supply a national focus for the arts in the country, it should perhaps concentrate on what it does best—making music. Merely as a public service to book Nina Manoukova when she comes through town, and a private one for entertaining visiting dignitaries and resident aficionados, it's such a wasteful venture. Better to have a selective series of sounds than equidistantly muted howl o' seasons. At present, the Mac's tag is merely a half-sift!

Lawrence O'Toole

Like someone who kicks dogs, can anyone who abhors lawyers really be all bad?

By Alan Fotheringham

The first thing we do is let's kill all the lawyers—Henry VI, Part III, Act 4

If any proof were needed that Shakespeare wrote for the common man, to universal themes that withstand the test of time, there was one. The man was right: there gnubbling around with the rest of us, attuned to our very intentions. Hated of lawyers is a theme, a beat, an intellectual rebellion and that pulls on all together. Like dislike of speech and the understanding algebra, it is a very human trait that draws strangers together and unites enemies. Can anyone who abhors lawyers, like someone who kicks dogs and spurns children, really be all bad?

We are faced with this better once again because of the sad examination of the aftermath of the May 12 event that resulted in us the select 282 individuals (among the 23 million possibilities) who will decide our destiny for the next half-decade. Sadly, 62 of them are lawyers. Once again they will provide the single largest professional group in the House of Gas when our newest prime minister gathers the courage to call it into session sometime before the known fall. Although they represent something like two-tenths of one per cent of the labor force, lawyers captured 21 per cent of 282 seats. It is perhaps the major reason the country is so dull, so constituted with no real sense of all right of citizens. For more strange reason, Canada has been capturing a rather interesting embrace of men who talk as if their mouths were full of hot marbles. In neither Britain nor Australia do lawyers play such a dominant role. Is it our frontier tradition, overly respectful of smooth-skinned chaos who can disprove baffling and glibly pick an early as other people speak English? Probably.

Since Confederation lawyers have always been the largest occupational group among MPs—about one-third. They have dominated the cabinet of 240 ministers between 1867 and 1982 (when

we stopped keeping track on account of boredom). 48 per cent were lawyers. The reason for all this, nonetheless, is the lessens of the electorate. It's not exactly glibly. Every time I get into an argument over the grape with my legal friends, as they focus at the mouth over some recent journalistic outrage, I go out and that the last time I checked there were more lawyers in jail than reporters. Pick a year, any year. Pick a jail, any jail. Lawyers, who pass our lives, are always being tossed into the house. I don't think it's because they



can't read the fine print too good. The problem is that they can read it too well. And are dumb enough to think the rest of us can't. It is of no consolation to the law schools, of course, but the most pronounced smokes of our generation, Mon, Ehrlichman, Cohen, Mitchell, Dean, Lofly, Kinschall all down the line all were lawyers. If it interests you, there are more lawyers in the state of New York alone than there are in Britain.

My own solution for all this is that lawyers shouldn't be taken so seriously. Any profession that has to set up a full-scale shuck fund (to compensate widows and orphans when other lawyers have glibly cannot be regarded completely without a grudge. Do planners do that? Dentists? Piano movers? Of course not. Just as Mr. Treen said, "Man is the only animal that blathers." Or needs to lawyers feel compelled to guard society against their own kind.

Who are the politicians who get their fingers caught in the daily by phoning



judges? Lawyers. Who are the politicians who get caught signing signatures not their own? Lawyers. Who are the men hauled up on contempt-of-court charges? Guess who. It's strange. Planners wouldn't have the imagination. Journalists wouldn't have the guts. Piano movers wouldn't have the courage. The lawyer's problem is that he spends his life staring at the legholes, like a hawk teller staring at the cash, and he can't resist the temptation to see what he can do with it—like a West Point general trained all his life for war, itching to find one (if not found, start one).

The night, I'm afraid, is morning. In Lester Pearson's last Parliament there were 54 lawyers—just short of 30 per cent—and 12 of his ministers were of the breed. In lawyer Trudeau's first Cabinet, the legal MPs were at 71 and he had 13 ministers with the sacred degree.

Most of our members, naturally, are lawyers. Six of the current crop—and their feet even counting. Real Librarian who cut out to be one but dropped out of Laval law school where he wouldn't stop smoking in class. The law's loss is tobacco's gain. In Man, the Liberals ran 71 lawyers and 12 of them. The Tories shared 45 into the ballot box and retrieved 28 of them. Rasheed to lead, naturally, were the conspicuous voters of Ontario and Quebec. Ontario elected 22 of 45 legal candidates, Quebec 32 of 38.

The current prime minister, of course, is the most famous law-school dropout in history—one for each corner. Joe Clark, at both Dalhousie and University of BC, was barred by law. "Nothing much happens in law school," he wrote a friend. "There's a clique of us here now that, from around one available to pursue out and long takes." Not a bad analogy, really, for what he was later to find in his profession of politics dominated by lawyers. He needn't feel lonely. Trudeau picked 12 lawyers for his first cabinet. Clark, looking the field over in pursuit of representatives of the common man, picked 20.

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